

A Clever Tennis Story in This Issue

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Illustrating
Discipline for Parents—
a Story

By LOUIS GRAVES

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Drawn by W. K. STARRETT

OLIVER HERFORD—CHARLES AUBREY EATON—LUCIAN SWIFT KIRTLAND—W. E. AUGHINBAUGH



CONTINUITY

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Business Germany of Today

From an American Viewpoint

By LUCIAN SWIFT KIRTLAND

Leslie's Staff Correspondent in Europe

IN a previous article on Germany's trade revival, I tried to report exactly what the business men and political leaders had to say in answer to the question, "Is Germany getting down to work?" That such an article must carry a strong propagandist flavor was of course inevitable. Quite possibly I leaned backwards though refraining even from comments. The following observations may supply certain details to the picture of conditions which the German argument passed by.

Here and now let me say that the four months which I have spent in Germany (despite the distractions of revolutions, insurrections, strikes, and political turmoil) have increasingly shown through daily contact that the German nation remains one of the greatest of the world's business machines. The Empire missed out on its military program (and it may or may not return to that dream), but it has not forsown its program of commercial conquest.

Getting Down to Work

The first article started from the question whether German business—by and large—is getting down to work, but that question was not definitely answered by the interviews. In comparison with the rest of Europe, Germany is distinctly getting down to work. She has well-nigh insuperable problems; she has vast unemployment; she has underfeeding; and she lacks raw materials. But the fabric of her industries remains practically intact. She has no devastated area. She has a trained reservoir of labor. As a concrete instance of an asset, let me quote the statement of one business man, made to me on the day when the French troops occupied Frankfurt.

"From the viewpoint of commercial rivalry," he said, "France may be hoping through occupying that area further to dig into our chemical secrets. But even if she discovers all our formulae and pries into all of our processes, she will not thereby make herself into a chemical rival. Germany has 20,000 trained chemists who in their training spent from four to six years not only in learning formulae but also in learning to understand what they mean."

Enough was written and said during the war attempting to explain Germany's mass mind. The ending—the collapse—of the war left Germany's mass mind staggered. I made two short visits to Germany immediately after the armistice, and I discovered, as did every

one else, a fearfully apathetic pall had descended on the spirit of the people. But the very pliancy of the German mind makes it resilient, or at least adaptable. It seems to make very little difference how completely a German may become disillusioned over one set of stock ideas upon which he has been fed. He accepts and absorbs another set with extraordinary facility. For this reason, if for no other, a speedy peace would have meant more towards the sound reconstruction of Europe than can a thousand economic conferences today. The pliant German mind would then have accepted a just program of work. The vagaries and delays at Paris allowed the re-infiltration of strangely subtle suggestions by the dis-

Without arguing whether or no the economic clauses of the Treaty are "Carthaginian," it remains obvious to anyone who has been in Central Europe any length of time that the sparring by the delegates at Paris over the advantage of a word here, or a clause left out there, and all the rest of the chess game to secure claims on paper, in so far as these claims went beyond the probability of fulfillment, just so far—and farther—dwindled the chances of a just and possible fulfillment of conditions. The very wail that has gone up from the united German throat regarding the impossibility of working towards the end of paying an unnamed indebtedness has been in actual fact the best cement to unite the mass mind into believing that any amount—when named—is absolutely unjust and impossible. I do not wish to be on the streets of a German city when the Allies announce the sum, even if it is only a penny.

"Pep" Is Returning

I have gone into these details of old news because it is impossible to begin to understand the German revival of spirits otherwise. Politically Germany is in a fearful muddle with discordant elements a-plenty—but there is a certain union of mind which affects the pocket-book, a spot close to the heart, and this unity is the result of the new idea that it is worth while getting down to work, not because Germany is basically a wealth-producing nation able to pay off her indemnities and still achieve her salvation, but because the idea has steadily been fostered by propaganda and events that because the Treaty is impossible the future will readily see it ignored and evaded.

In abstract justice—admitting all of Germany's culpability—are the German people particularly to be censured for having evolved into this state of mind?

The fact remains that whatever is the source of the inspiration, Germany's "pep"—which is about the only word that will do—has in the past few weeks come in for a marked revivification. Perhaps this would be denied by German propagandists, but you have only to walk through the streets of a German city to know the truth. There is ginger in the atmosphere.

I do not give a hang for the statistics regarding unemployment, strikes, lack of raw material, underfeeding, and the terribly high cost of living—granting that all the statistics which I have in my portfolio are true and



In Dead Men's Shoes

With brawn as well as brain the women of Germany are helping to raise Germany out of the wreck into which it was plunged by the war. Here are three typical workers who wear skirts. Pretty husky, aren't they?

credited junker class. These suggestions have turned the current into a channel in which the ingeniously thinking (but not originally thinking) German mass mind is slowly determining how the Treaty can be nullified rather than fulfilled.

then some—I maintain that you cannot be in Germany without realizing that Germany is getting down to work.

The head of one of the biggest manufacturing plants told me that this year his workmen actually suggested not taking Good Friday as a holiday. The head of one of the largest department stores in Berlin told me, "Never in our history was our retail trade as brisk as it is today."

The rest of Europe will never merely by sitting in the cafés and talking over the "terrible" situation compete with working Germany.

The second important thing to know about the German spirit is the change that has come over the German mind regarding "sound and legitimate profits."

In the old days, German business did not plunge. Often it looked as if German banks and manufacturers in their export business were taking heavy risks in extending credits. In reality they were not. For any other nation to have extended the credits which German business used to allow in Russia, for instance, would have been suicidal, because no other nation—including the Russians themselves—had any credit information. But the Germans at the great Novgorod Fair (as an example) could within half an hour have their central credit agency look up the rating of even a remote Siberian trader. And while the Russian laws regarding bankruptcy and false dealings were very lax, especially towards foreigners, the German interweaving of trade interests was such that German business was able to enforce its own private system of justice. A Russian could defraud an American or an Englishman, and perhaps laugh at the results, but he could never get back into business with the Germans if he defaulted. Added to this security was the German's content with "many a mickle makes a muckle." German banks took care of German paper in export trade on a narrow margin, but a margin determined through an acute study of business science.

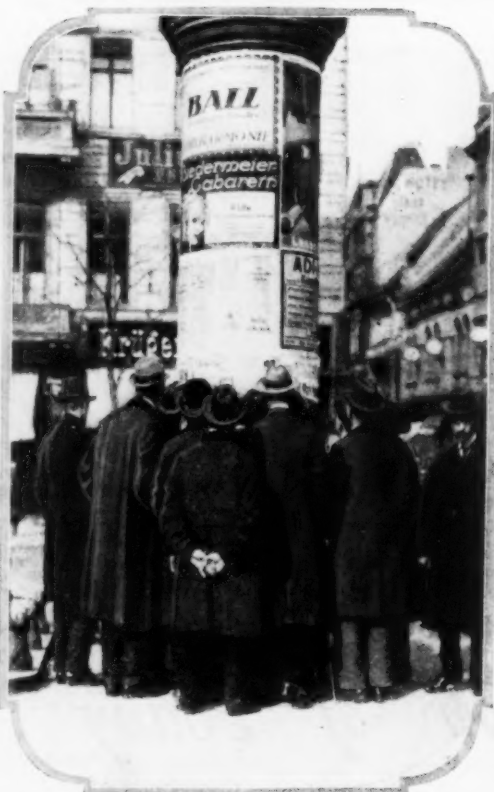
What "Schieber" Means

The foreigner visiting Germany for either business or pleasure used to feel in the very atmosphere that, when he paid for a thing, the price was based on a calculation of sound profit; that there was no opportunist price quoted simply because he was a foreigner.

The vicissitudes and fortunes of war have fomented changes in German ideas which simply stagger anyone having knowledge of former Germany.

You must appreciate two words that have come into familiar, everyday use in Germany. You cannot understand even the most trivial of experiences without appreciating the philosophy of those words. One is *profitieren* which roughly translated means "to secure some personal advantage out of every situation, from the happiest to the most unfortunate." (If your friend dies, don't let your sorrow interfere with your profiting from the fact that you borrowed his umbrella, and now do not have to return it.) Through the philosophy of *profitieren* fortunes may even be reaped from the degradation of being a defeated nation. The depreciation of money at home can be turned into a tremendous profit if only you can sell abroad your product for foreign currency. *Profitieren* is beyond our idea of profiteering. It is to fatten off any and every situation.

The second word is *schieber* and it is almost untranslatable. It is the name of the man who has profited by *profitieren*—it means the sly go-between who sells sugar or butter to the rich beyond what they are allowed



A Common Scene in Berlin

Reading the proclamation that "Militarism and Monarchism are dead." The posters carried an offer of reward for certain revolutionists. Among them was Trebitsch Lincoln, the Hungarian Jew who, while in England at the beginning of the war, was accused of being a German spy. He fled to America, but later was taken back to England, tried, and imprisoned. As a member of the Kapp-Lüttwitz revolutionary party he was, strange to relate, placed in charge of the censorship!

on their cards. It means the man who has profited wittingly or unwittingly by the fortunes of war and peace. There are rich *schiebers* and petty *schiebers*.

Naturally one knows that such conditions as Germany had experienced breeds *schiebers*. One has only to look at a German newspaper or to talk with a German to learn with what deadly hate the *schieber* is hated—but mixed with this hatred is the acknowledgment that with the wit to be a *schieber* everybody would be one. That is—almost everybody.

You tell a German acquaintance that a shopkeeper, or an hotel keeper, has tried to overcharge you two or three hundred per cent. Nine times out of ten his attitude will be first to say with considerable heat, "Well, if that isn't a contemptible shame!" And then his voice will trail off reflectively, "But of course, if they can put it over—"

There are corners of the world where one has always expected this attitude of mind. But former Germany was not one of them.

The next step after petty *schieberism* is *schieberism* in business. For the man who has seen his own business die, the sight of a vast horde grown rich through the calamity which ruined him, is a potent demonstration against thrift.



Where Gold Is God

The heart of the great Leipzig commercial fair. The fair is a strictly commercial affair. There is much selling from samples, and if the visitor is not on business bent he is not very cordially welcomed by the participants. In 1914 there were 4,200 exhibitors. This year there were 14,000.

Schieberism towards the foreigner had its growth from a legitimate business measure of self-defense. When the Austrian crown tumbled to a fraction of its old value, it became possible for anyone possessing foreign exchange to buy at retail in Vienna shops all sorts of goods at prices less than the world's wholesale rate. This led to a stripping of the country. When the German mark took its tumble, the German Government put on an export duty. The arrangement is that if a foreigner wishes to take goods out of the country it is necessary for him to make that declaration at the time of purchase. A government bureau then arranges a price to include the export license, and the surplus profit becomes subject to a high government tax.

However, on the basis of this *auslander* tax, in posed to protect the German market and to yield legitimate taxes, the ordinary shopkeeper, and the ordinary hotel keeper, and almost everyone else with whom the foreigner can come in contact—they have all seen the chance of a mad dash to get rich quick.

Foreigners Must Beware!

I went to Leipzig to the great commercial fair. I walked into the hotel restaurant or luncheon. The menu said, "Price 35 marks." This was about double the average Berlin price. However, when I was given my bill, the lunch was put down at 70 marks. Somewhere in the hotel was hung an inconspicuous notice in German, "Our prices do not apply to foreigners." They certainly did not. Americans were called upon to pay all that the traffic would stand short of a brawl. Other nationalities, having lower boiling points, perhaps, did not have to pay so much.

In Dresden the hotel keepers are asking dolefully, "When will the Americans come again?" and at the same time are asking Americans to pay twenty-two times more for a room than is asked from a German! This figure is reached by a naïve way of reckoning which would be delightfully funny if it were not so expensive. The present price in marks is transferred into dollars at the before-the-war rate!

At some of the largest Berlin stores, places which once had an international reputation, the clerk will give you the once over and add to the bill the *auslander* addition which she thinks you may pay. This tax does not go to the state but to the pocketbook of the proprietor, with possibly a commission to the clerk. However, if either through indignation or because you have been given the suggestion from other Americans, you growl

audibly and refuse definitely, the floor-walker is called. He takes off the tax rather than lose the sale. You never know whether this attempt will be ten per cent. or two hundred per cent. The latter figure is tried the more often. Sometimes three hundred per cent.

This idea that the foreigner is going to pay, and pay in a hurry, for Germany's war troubles, is an inspiration which is gaining ground all through the country. Sometimes the idea is along perfectly legitimate business lines, sometimes it has a very *schieberish* flavor. At the Leipzig Fair the volume of business was so large that, as far as I could learn before I left Germany, they did not risk publishing the actual figures. I have read the statement that the fair was a failure, but I can say from observation that three-quarters of the exhibitors closed their exhibits two days before the end, as they were sold out for the year. That is neither here nor there. The articles on sale, leather goods, porcelain, etc., had price tags with seven or eight figures, with the topnotch prices for the American buyers. The prices to Americans were in dollars, marks not being accepted. All very well. We don't have to buy if we don't wish so to do. It so happened that the German mark at the opening of the fair stood at its greatest depreciation. Since then it has appreciated to double the value it was worth in foreign exchange at the time of the fair. Thus, while the German factories insisted upon selling to Americans in dollars only (at an average price of about two hundred per cent over the before-the-war prices), if payment is made today in dollars the receipt in marks will be only one-half the sum contemplated on the day of sale. I predict that under these circumstances there will be many letters to America stating that the orders cannot be filled.

(Continued on page 238)



When Juan Goes Marching By

If Esteban Cantu, Governor of the northern district of Lower California, who recently severed relations with the provisional Government of Mexico, had been present during this parade in Mexico City he might not have revolted. Thirty thousand soldiers participated, and for hours the picturesque Zocalo

resounded to the tread of marching men. The beautiful building glimpsed in the background is the Cathedral, one of Mexico City's most magnificent edifices. The Mexican authorities have announced their intention of employing fully 60,000 Federal troops against the rebels, if they are needed.

PHOTO BY SUMNER MATTHEW

EDITORIAL

JOHN A. SLEICHER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

"STAND BY THE FLAG: IN GOD WE TRUST"

CHARLES AUBREY EATON

EDITOR

The Railroads

BY granting the Railroads a billion and a half of new revenue from increased rates the Interstate Commerce Commission has acted in line with public opinion. The figures weary the imagination, but the facts they stand for are encouraging. It is worth a good deal of money to receive this practical assurance that the American people and their various governments are at last verging towards sanity in railroad affairs.

The history of our railroads in their inception, building, growth, and relation to the development of the country constitutes one of the great romantic chapters in human endeavor. No story is more completely saturated with the greatness and meanness of human nature, the wisdom and courage, the imbecility and cowardice of a people.

The period of exploitation, fraud and shameless financial piracy on the part of big men who must have known better but were blinded by greed and ambition became the fruitful seed ground for every conceivable and inconceivable form of legislative attack. For a generation before the war there kept piling up a mountain of adverse legislation backed by a justly suspicious and antagonistic public opinion.

Then came the war, during which the Government took over the railroads and operated them, or operated upon them, with calamitous consequences. In this era of extravagance and confusion one good thing happened. The day the Government took over the roads, with a single stroke of the administrative pen it swept away the whole absurd fabric of restrictive legislation. Probably this one act was worth all that Government operation has cost.

Now we are beginning to get down to a common-sense basis in respect to transportation. To begin with the public has learned that the railroads are the arteries of economic life, and if they fail to function properly economic disease is inevitable. It has cleared the situation further to have it certified by impartial witnesses that the railroads represent a cash investment value of some twenty billions of dollars upon which a reasonable return must be earned.

Then the public has received some valuable education in the statistics of the case. And this discourages the popular impulse to substitute socialistic hot air for arithmetic.

It stimulates sobriety of thought and action to learn that just before the war the operating revenue of the roads amounted to three billions of dollars. Out of this was paid all operating expenses, maintenance of ways and equipment, wages, taxes, interest, dividends, with such balance as remained for surplus. Today the railroads pay out in wages alone about four billions of dollars, a third more than their entire pre-war income. And it will cost fabulous sums to bring equipment up to the pre-war standard, let alone make additions and improvements so sadly needed.

Those who advocate state ownership supported by general taxation will use this rate increase as an argument to prove that private ownership is bad. But they will not make much headway. The fact is that this rate increase of a

billion and a half was made necessary by the waste and ruin wrought by state control. And the American way of doing business is to leave it to private interests, permitting them to charge a fair price for their services rather than muddle the whole matter by Government interference, and finally taxing the public to make good enormous deficits created by poor management.

Millions Escape Income Tax

THAT something is wrong with the enforcement of the income tax is evident from the Government's report that only about 2,000,000 persons out of 105,000,000 pay any tax at all. In 1910 there were 38,000,000 people in the United States engaged in gainful callings, of whom 8,000,000 were women. The 1920 census will doubtless show a large increase in this number. Wages and salaries are higher than before, yet only about one person in twenty of those who have incomes, pays an income tax. Of course the \$2,000 exemption for husband and wife, with \$200 additional for each dependent child under 18, relieves many. Yet this, with all other possible exemptions would hardly relieve 10 out of every 20 persons. What of the millions of single men and women, with a minimum wage or salary of \$25 a week, who should pay a tax on all above \$1,000. It is not fair to the 2,000,000 who are honest with the Government in this matter that literally millions of others escape entirely their share of the burden. If we are going to raise revenue by means of the income tax, everybody who has an income should pay some tax. With proper graduations those with large incomes would still pay the larger amount of the tax, but it would be both democratic and equitable for those with small incomes to have a place on the tax roll.

No Bolshevik Danger Here

SHOULD Poland succumb to Soviet Russia, General Ludendorff fears that Bolshevism would overrun Germany, then all of Europe, and that "not even the seven seas can stop it." It is to be hoped that Bolshevism will not get Poland in its grip, but if Germany should go down before it, she would get only what she deserved for encouraging Bolshevism in its early days in Russia. Yet no one having at heart the interest of civilization could wish such a fate even for Germany. Ludendorff is right when he says, "Bolshevism is a monster, that must advance to exist." It has got to have something to feed on. Having exhausted Russia it looks elsewhere to satisfy its appetite. The hungry workmen of Central Europe may be willing to change their present unfortunate condition for what Bolshevism has to offer, but America has little to fear of its spread here. We don't afford the diet on which Bolshevism thrives. Unemployment, low wages, hunger are unknown among us. Everybody, except the small number who are stirred up by agitators, is satisfied. Deportations have gotten rid of the worst of these agitators and chilled the enthusiasm of those still here. America has many problems to solve, but Bolshevism is not one of these.

Grange Not in Politics

THE National Grange shows sound judgment in repulsing all efforts to enlist it in party politics. Twice before—in the 70's and 80's—there were attempts to get farmers into politics. Mindful of the failures of these movements, the sane leadership of the Grange is convinced that "fraternal, educational, social and coöperative efforts of the Grange win far more for country people and country life than political activity or political office." Similar attempts to turn the American Federation of Labor into a political organization have always failed. The policy of the Federation has been to support any candidate or party most able or most inclined to further labor's interest. But a higher principle than this is needed in politics. Radical and labor social groups are demanding legislation or governmental changes to suit their selfish interests. A government run in the interest of any class would mark the end of real freedom. Men should vote not as farmers or bankers, labor unionists, or employers, but as Americans, and should support the party and candidate that are pledged to promote the common good.

Partners in Prosperity

MORE significant than the 12½ per cent. stock dividend of the International Harvester Company is its division of \$60,000,000 of stock under an extra compensation and stock ownership plan, open to its 40,000 workers in this country and Canada. Nor does the company expect to stop here. The directors propose each year, beginning January 1, 1921, to divide among the workers 60 per cent. of the company's net profits in excess of 7 per cent. upon the corporation's invested capital. Could workers who are already well paid ask for anything fairer or more generous than this?

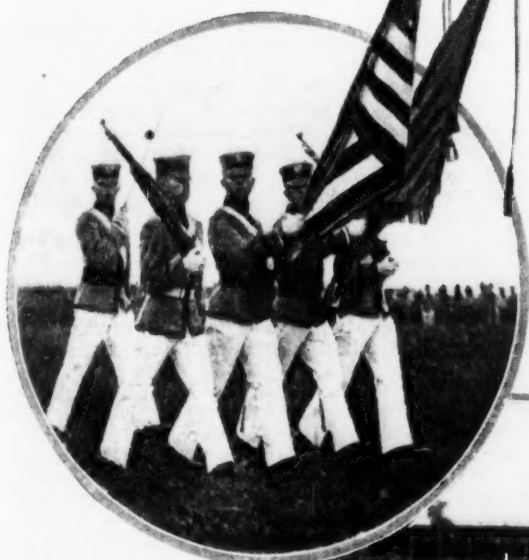


POISON IVY

Drawn by W. A. ROGERS

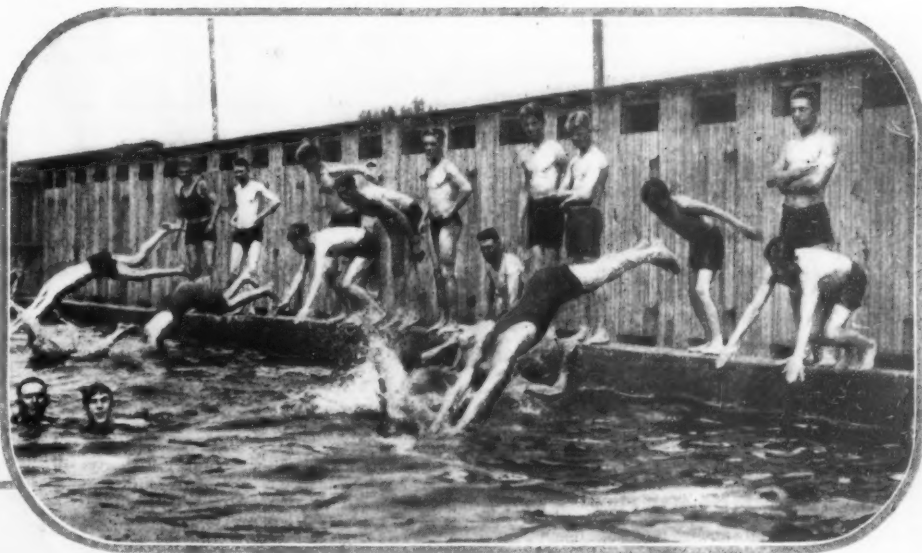
West Point Cadets Make War at Camp Dix

Utilize Facilities in Jersey
for Summer Training



The Color Guard

At Camp Dix, or on the broad Parade in the Hudson Highlands, the Color Guard is 100 per cent—to be conservative, call it 99—perfection. Place with the Guard is won on merit; clean score in dress, conduct and equipment.



After a Dusty Day

Training officers for the land forces of Uncle Sam is the function of West Point, but there are times—hot August times in particular—when land forces take gladly to water. Here is the Camp Dix swimming pool—transplanted West Pointers trespassing in an Annapolis element.



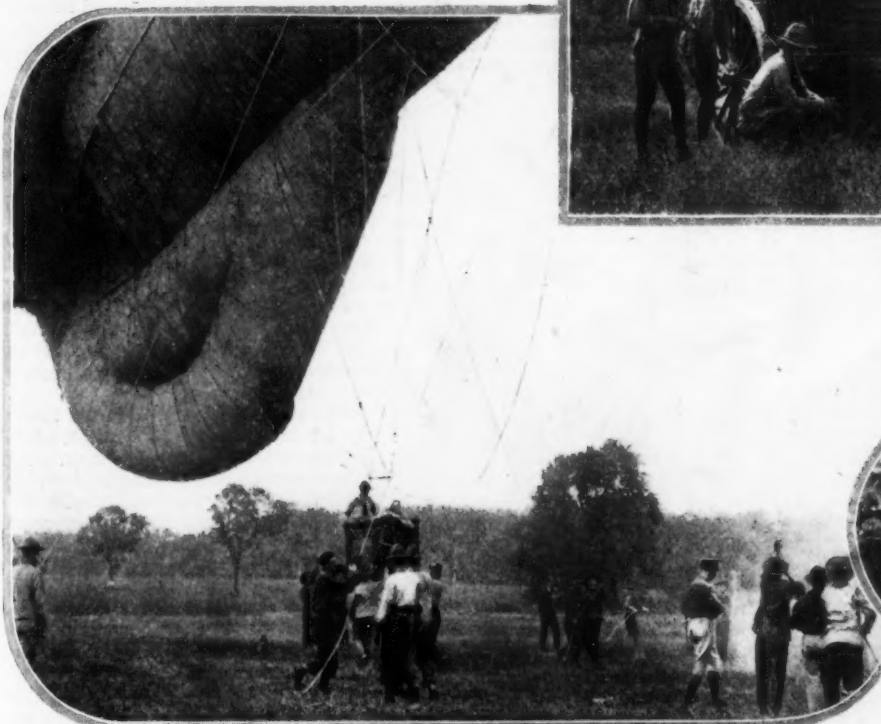
On the Range

Because Camp Dix is equipped with the latest facilities for war-training, it was chosen as an open-air class-room for the West Pointers. Shown in the view is the machine-gun range, the cadets preparing the targets, which are mounted on trucks. Camp Dix lacks West Point's scenic beauty, but it is there with the war stuff.



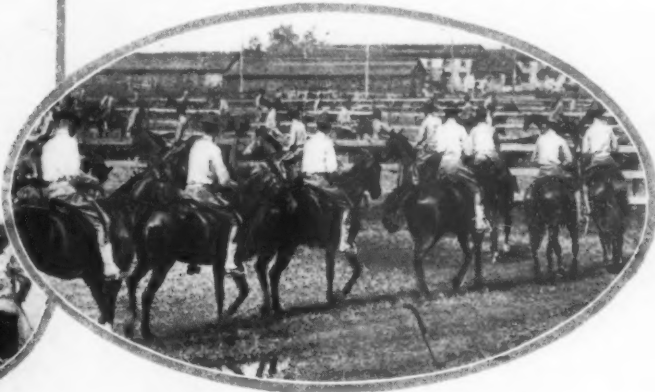
Artillery Practice in Jersey Fields

Slightly different from the close-cropped lawn at West Point. The guns are "finding" a target three miles distant.



A Class in the Higher Branches

The curriculum of war includes the air these days, and West Pointers learn, literally, from the ground up. There is more elbow room at Camp Dix than at the Point.



They Never Rode Horseback Before

Getting horses and men acquainted is one of West Point's strong suits. This is a novice class, just introduced.

Mr. Harding's Speech of Acceptance

By CHARLES AUBREY EATON
Editor Leslie's Weekly

SENATOR HARDING in his speech of acceptance demonstrated his fitness to become the leader of a great party and the Chief Magistrate of his nation.

It was a notable utterance, worthy in spirit, form and content of the occasion and of the man. There is no doubt that it has made a profound and favorable impression upon the country as it did upon the thousands who heard it in Marion.

The remarkable features of the speech are its analysis of the fundamental ideas of Americanism, and its instructive, simple, and half-unconscious moral reactions to the vast and complicated problems of the hour. It reads almost like a religious creed. In giving expression to his own thought, Mr. Harding has put into speech the inarticulate but urgent concepts of great masses of men who believe that there is an American way of dealing with public questions.

"I believe in party government as distinguished from personal government, individual, dictatorial, autocratic or what not. In a citizenship of more than a hundred millions it is impossible to reach agreement upon all questions. Parties are formed by those who reach a consensus of opinion. It was the intent of the founding Fathers to give to this Republic a dependable and enduring popular government, representative in form, and it was designed to make political parties not only the preserving sponsors but also the effective agencies through which hopes and aspirations and conviction and conscience may be translated into public performance."

This is the faith delivered to and by the Fathers. It has stood the test of time and it contains the truth which, amidst the complexities and perplexities of a new age, shall guide us to just, reasonable and workable decisions.



Charles Aubrey Eaton. As Director of the National Service Section of the United States Shipping Board, an authority on industrial problems and the relations between capital and labor, Dr. Charles Aubrey Eaton has ably served his country and his fellowmen. As Editor of LESLIE'S he will discuss weekly the vital problems of the hour with his characteristic intelligence, vigor and fairness.

"Our first committal is the restoration of representative popular government, under the Constitution, through the agency of the Republican Party."

This is wholesome doctrine. We have wandered far from representative popular government. In fact we have been in grave danger of substituting for the just authority of a majority, expressed in and by elected representatives, the selfish purposes of minorities and classes advanced by clamor, intrigue and terrorism, regardless of public opinion. More power to Mr. Harding in his battle against sovietism disguised as liberalism.

In his discussion of our international relations Mr. Harding bases his proposals upon national conscience expressed in international law. He looks upon the present exaggerated emphasis upon military agencies and material force as a passing phase incapable of supporting permanent world peace. And he turns back to the orderly development of the authority of international law in order to find an instrument for reconstructing the world.

While the League of Nations as proposed by Mr. Wilson finds small or no support in Mr. Harding's argument he very frankly declares himself and his country as opposed to any Chinese policy of isolation.

"We do not mean to hold aloof. We do not mean to shun a single responsibility of this republic toward civilization. We mean to be Americans first to all the world. And because of this we prefer a covenant of conscience to a military alliance."

The gist of all this seems to be that while Senator Harding was willing to vote for the League of Nations with such reservations as should Americanize it—yet, now that the matter is to take the form of a "great and solemn referendum" (Concluded on page 237)

Discipline for Parents

By LOUIS GRAVES

Illustrated by W. K. STARRETT

AT the Cedar Ridge Club in the hills of Westchester three-shelfed terraces, carpeted with deep green turf, rose on both sides of the championship court. Camp-chairs had been lined up on the shelves, and here, on a Saturday afternoon, sat the crowd that had gathered for the finals of the Metropolitan Fathers-and-Sons Tournament. The white flannel and blue serge of the men mingled with the gay frocks and ribbons. Scores of parasols, raised against the July sun, peppered the scene with spots of vivid color.

A battle royal of the courts was on, for the Bill Sperrys, Senior and Junior, were to meet Fred Naylor and the left-handed prodigy Sandy. The two men had been rivals for the highest tennis honors in the brilliant tennis days following the Spanish War. Their fame alone was enough to bring the fans from far and near, and this season their sons, long-limbed, rangy youths on the verge of the Freshman year in college, were beginning to figure conspicuously in the big meets of the circuit.

As always, during the wait before a match, a buzz of conversation stirred the air. From listening to his neighbor on the right a stranger might have wondered why the match should be played at all, since the Sperrys were sure to win—had he not heard an exactly contrary pronouncement from his neighbor on the left.

"Young Sandy will slaughter 'em with that left-handed swipe."

"Bill Sperry's a canny old bird. Speed'll not worry him a bit."

"If Fred Naylor's twist is working, they won't break through his service once."

"Bill Junior's got dandy ground strokes. They were going fine at Cedarhurst last week."

"It's a three-out-of-five-set match, and the Naylor's are better sticklers."

Mindful of Fred's renown as the leading monologist of the tennis world, more than one spectator got his meed of laughter by saying that if it were a talking match the Naylor's would win easily, even with Sandy mute.

The buzz broke into cries and hand-

clapping when the players appeared and began to warm up. A few minutes later the linesmen were stationed, the umpire mounted his chair, and the match was on. The closeness of the score kept the

gallery's nerves on edge. Every point, from being so badly needed by both teams, held a thrill.

The Sperrys won the first set. With Bill Senior serving they were leading in the second at 6-5, forty-three, when a lob was lifted to Bill Junior. It was short and an easy kill for the point and set. The boy smashed it into the net.

Bill Senior was furious. He was a heavily built florid man, with more than a suggestion of a stomach, and always, even before a match was well begun, his face flamed to the roots of his reddish yellow hair.

"You hit it too late!" he said between his tightly closed teeth.

They won the next point, and then again, with a short lob handed to him, Bill Junior had the set in his pocket. This time, determined to run no risks of sending the ball too low, he swung at it before it fell within easy reach and walloped it into the back-net. Now Bill Senior was almost beyond speech; almost, but not quite.

"You hit it too soon!" he said, and this time he ground his teeth together with such force as to put them in danger.

The Naylor's won that game and the next two, making the score one-set-all. The third set began with Bill Senior scowling and Bill Junior's face burning with shame.

The games were two-all when Sandy Naylor, needing only one point for a lead of three-two, served a double fault. Fred picked up the ball as it dropped from the net and walked back to hand it to his son.

"Get 'em in, get 'em in, whatever you do!" he commanded in an irritated whisper. "Don't mind about the speed!"

Bill Junior slugged a volley that looked impossible to lose, and Bill Senior glared at him.

"Your grip was loose—I saw the racquet turn in your hand!"

Sandy, not hearing or not heeding Fred's "I'll take it!" when a high lob came to them in mid-court, unlimbered his left arm in his already celebrated overhead swing, and dealt his father's racquet a blow that made the gallery



"Workin' better 'n I thought, that part o' the scheme," said Sandy out of the corner of his mouth. "Never thought our dad's 'd fly off the handle like that."

jump. Their joint effort sent the ball sailing off toward the club-house.

Fred, forgetting that a thousand eyes were focused on them, stood still and looked at Sandy. His bristly gray mustache seemed to stand out more menacingly than ever, and his tall, wiry frame fairly quivered. Distinguished though he was for an active tongue, now he could find no words adequate to the enormity of his son's crime. Sandy met his gaze for a second, and then, overcome by the weight of guilt, turned and walked back to his place.

The quarreling of partners in tennis tournaments is not usual, yet it is no new thing. It has always been practised more or less. Ned Bell and Jimmy Brant, who played around the circuit together for many years, were famous for it. They used to get fighting mad with one another in almost every match, and indulged in picturesque language that delighted the spectators who chanced to be within earshot. But the relationship of parent to child permits a frankness that even the chummiest of chums would never venture to approach.

At first the sorely tried fathers had kept their voices down, so that the gallery, though it guessed what was going on, heard nothing. Presently, however, their fuming and spluttering got from under control and became plainly audible. Before the set was more than half over the last vestige of patience had fled, and they were berating their sons loudly and without reserve. In principle such behavior is properly and righteously condemned, but in practice it never fails to amuse. Especially when it is displayed on both sides of the net simultaneously—a rare coincidence. So the spectators began to be nearly as interested in the bursts of parental wrath as in the score. Here and there wags were heard to offer wagers upon which of the two boys, Bill Junior or Sandy, would be the first to be laid over his father's knees and publicly spanked.

As players Bill Senior and Fred were still easily superior to their sons, particularly in doubles. So as a matter of course each pair, seeking a hole in the enemy's armor, played—so it is expressed in the language of tennis—the boy of the other pair. Thus the youngsters had to take the brunt of the struggle.

Now badly flustered, they went from bad to worse. Sandy served double faults. Bill Junior punched easy ones into the net. Both of them poached on their parents' territory one minute, and the next minute shied off in panic from shots they should have taken, letting the ball skim by untouched. And each error called forth a violent scolding. Of course the recrimination was all one-sided. The boys were not yet at an age where they dared open resentment—the shadow of paternal omnipotence was still upon them. The gallery understood this and, though its chief emotion was amusement, its sympathy was with Bill Junior and Sandy.

The set went to the Naylor 8-6, giving them two of the first three sets, and the four players went in for a quick bath and a change of clothing. It so happened that the boys hopped under the same spray; and yearning for a chance to unburden themselves they stayed together and bathed jointly, alternating in leaps into the shower and out again. The angry redness of their faces was proof even against the dashes of cold water.

"Heard you gettin' dressed down, too, Sandy," said Bill Junior.

"Guess you did if you had any ears," grumbled

Sandy. "Darn shame a fella's got to stand for all that sort o' stuff."

"Sure is. Course a fella can't talk back to his old man. Makes me sore, though, I c'n tell you that."

"Me, too. Good an' sore. Sure do wish there was some way to get back on that dad of mine."

"Same here," agreed Bill Junior heartily. "But what c'n you do?" He answered himself in hopeless disgust: "Nothing."

"I was thinkin'—"

Sandy hesitated. Then he began to whisper. Bill Junior whispered back at him. While they dried them-

knew what they meant, and the knowledge added fuel to their rage.

Since the intermission the two boys, steadied by the current of sympathy and understanding that flowed between them, had become strangely calm. In pursuance of their plan they now started in to give advice of their own, in scrupulously respectful tones. Choosing a moment when he was sure Bill Senior was near enough to hear, Sandy said:

"Why don't you play Mr. Sperry, Dad? He's missin' 'em all."

In like manner Bill Junior made certain that Fred

was within hearing when he suggested:

"Better put 'em at Mr. Naylor, hadn't you, father? He's getting wilder every minute."

The two ex-champions, with twenty-five years of tournament tennis behind them, were not the sort to be easily rattled. They had been in many a gruelling match before big crowds, and had pulled out of many a tight place. None of the ordinary crises of the sport would have troubled them. But this contumacy of their own blood, complicated and aggravated by mere children's affront to their reputation and competence, set in both of them a peculiar nervous reaction—a mental disturbance such as they had never before experienced. For the first time since as bashful youth they had made their debut on the big circuit, they felt the alternating palsy and tremors that mark the escape of muscle from the mastery of mind.

Bill Senior smashed the Naylor's lob first

out and then into the net. Fred's twist service, under splendid control in the first three sets, began to go two and three yards wide of the court. The volleying of both of them became pitiful. By this time the gallery was not confining itself to whispers and titters, but was laughing aloud.

On changing sides Bill Junior and Sandy stopped at the net post and bent over the same towel to wipe the perspiration from their hands. They did not appear to the crowd to be talking to each other.

"Workin' better 'n I thought, that part o' the scheme," said Sandy out of the corner of his mouth.

"Never thought our dads'd fly off the handle like that."

"Yep, goin' fine," answered Bill Junior. "But don't forget your part. We gotta make it run five sets. Make this one twelve-ten."

"I got you," said Sandy.

The score ran along evenly until it got to be thirty-four, with the Naylor's needing only one point for the game, set and match. Bill Junior, who had been playing Fred consistently, surprised the gallery by sending a short lob to Sandy.

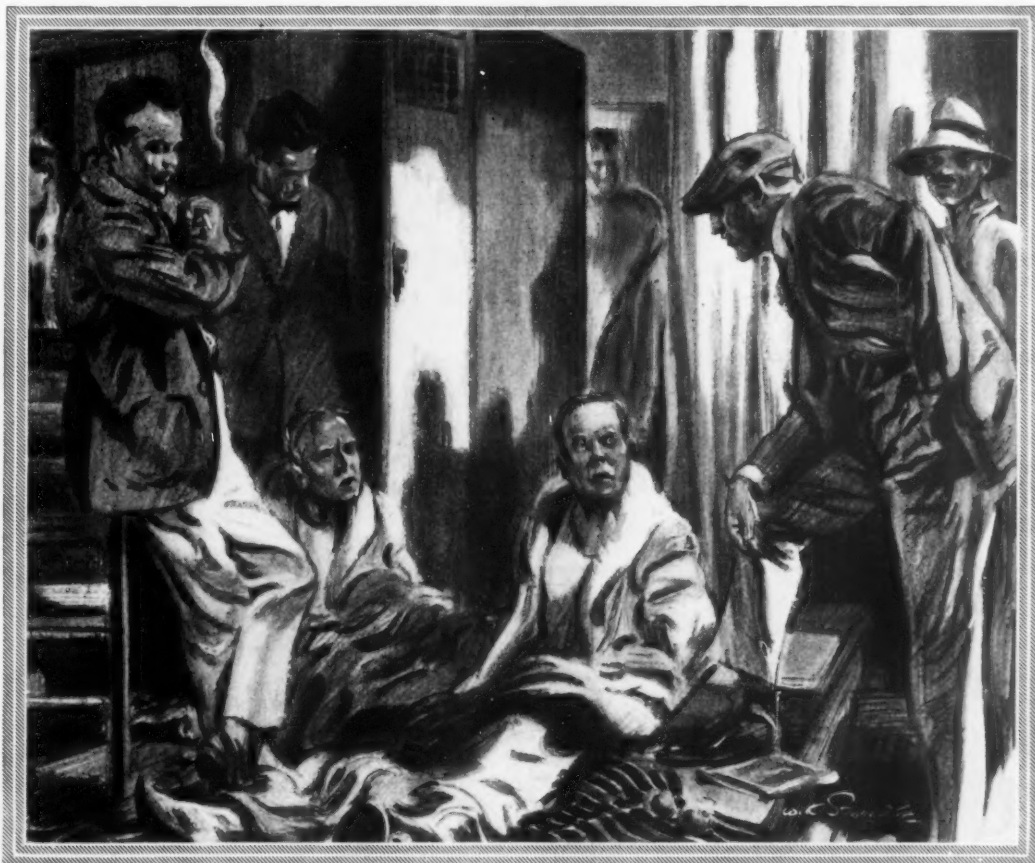
"All over now," said a number of the spectators aloud; for the left-hander had not missed a smash for several games.

Sandy's racquet flashed through the air. The ball went singing into the back-net.

It was the first time in ten minutes that Fred had had a chance to scold his son, and he took full advantage of it. But somehow the scolding did not seem to worry Sandy at all now. Then, the minute after, he had victory again in his grasp and again let it go. That game and the next went to the Sperrys, so that they led at 6-5. Then the Naylor's got two more, and then the Sperrys. It became one of those deuce-set see-saws that try players to the utmost.

The day was hot, and not a breath of a breeze was stirring. The two fathers, despite their reputations

(Concluded on page 235)



"You mean—" he peered into George Glynn's face and spoke in a strained half-whisper—"you mean to say those brats put that up on us—had us killing ourselves like that—on purpose?"

selves and dressed they chuckled gleefully, but when one of them chuckled too loudly the other one put up a warning finger and said "Sh-h-h!" Just before they went outdoors again they gripped each other's hands gravely as though sealing a bargain.

In the first game, with the Naylor's squatting at the net, Bill Junior, instead of sending the ball to the erratic Sandy according to plan, lifted a lob to Fred. The veteran promptly killed it with a sharp-angled smash into the alley.

"Are you going crazy!" cried Bill Senior. "Play Sandy, play Sandy!"

Sandy committed the same offense a moment later when, with plenty of time to aim his fore-hand drive, he sent it straight to Bill Senior and saw it chop-volleyed neatly for a clean ace.

"Wake up!" said Fred. "Open your eyes, and keep 'em open!"

Both the fathers thought the lapse was accidental, perhaps due to fluster. And the second time they thought the same thing. But the third time they knew it was intentional. This discovery turned their petulance into fury. For here was a double injury; one's own son in open rebellion, deliberately disobeying orders; and the boy on the other side of the net coolly insulting one by taking him for the weak sister of the team.

For a game or two they could only sputter, "Play Bill Junior, I tell you!" and "Play Sandy, don't you hear me!" but they were forced to stop this, for a totally unexpected reason: the boys' tactics were suddenly proved altogether sound. For Bill Senior and Fred began, unaccountably, to miss the easiest of chances. And the more clearly they realized that they were being played, the angrier they grew and the worse their errors became.

The gallery sensed the situation at once. Whispers, mixed with titters, ran along the terraces. Not all the titters were subdued. The veterans heard them, and

Pictorial Digest of



A French Effort at Reconstruction

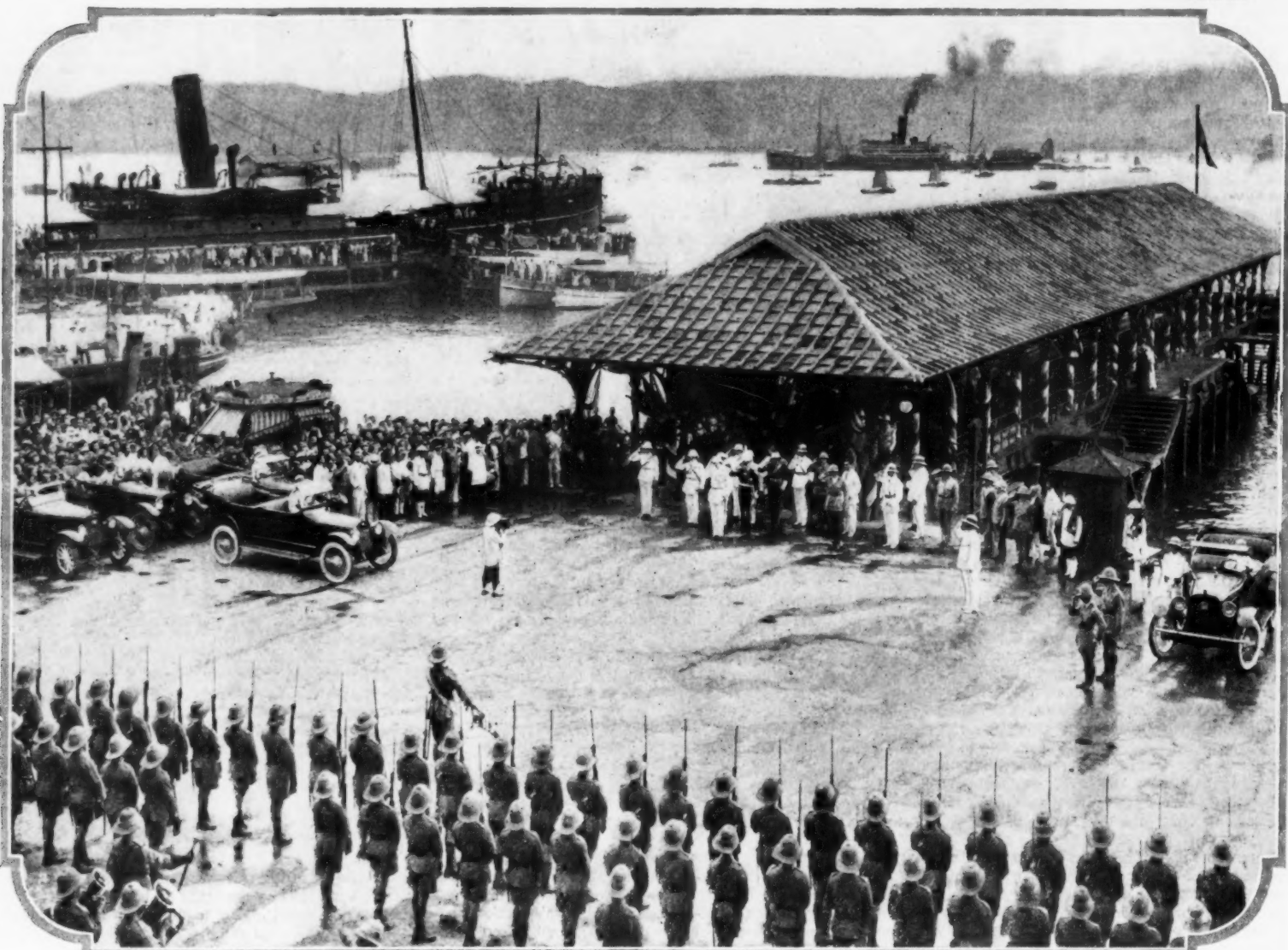
Not only has France endeavored to make the great fair at Lyons an international commercial event, but it has also encouraged smaller fairs in the very hearts of the larger cities. This photograph shows the Paris fair established in the beautiful Gardens of the Tuileries, in the shadow of the Louvre.

Pluck and Pathos Combined

Blind British soldiers at top stride in the 100-yard dash, St. Dunstan's Sports, Regents Park, London. The "hundred" sets the fastest pace of any of the "sprint events," yet these sightless ones excel in it.



CENTRAL NEWS



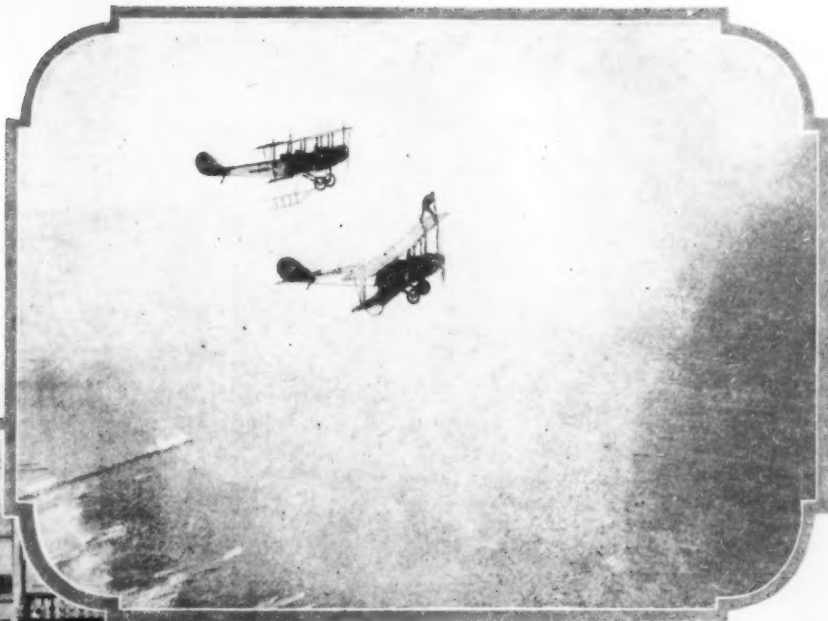
MAX CHURCH

Great Britain Makes Roumania Feel at Home in China

English forces at Hong Kong, civil, diplomatic and military, draw up at Blake Pier to give fitting welcome to H. R. H. Crown Prince Carol of Roumania. Exchange of courtesies between Britain and Roumania has more significance than is summed up in international

good manners. Roumania figures in British plans for opposing further Bolshevist advance in Europe. It is to be hoped that she will have better luck against the Bolshies than she did against the Huns. Roumania's price is, naturally, more territory for Roumania.

the World's News

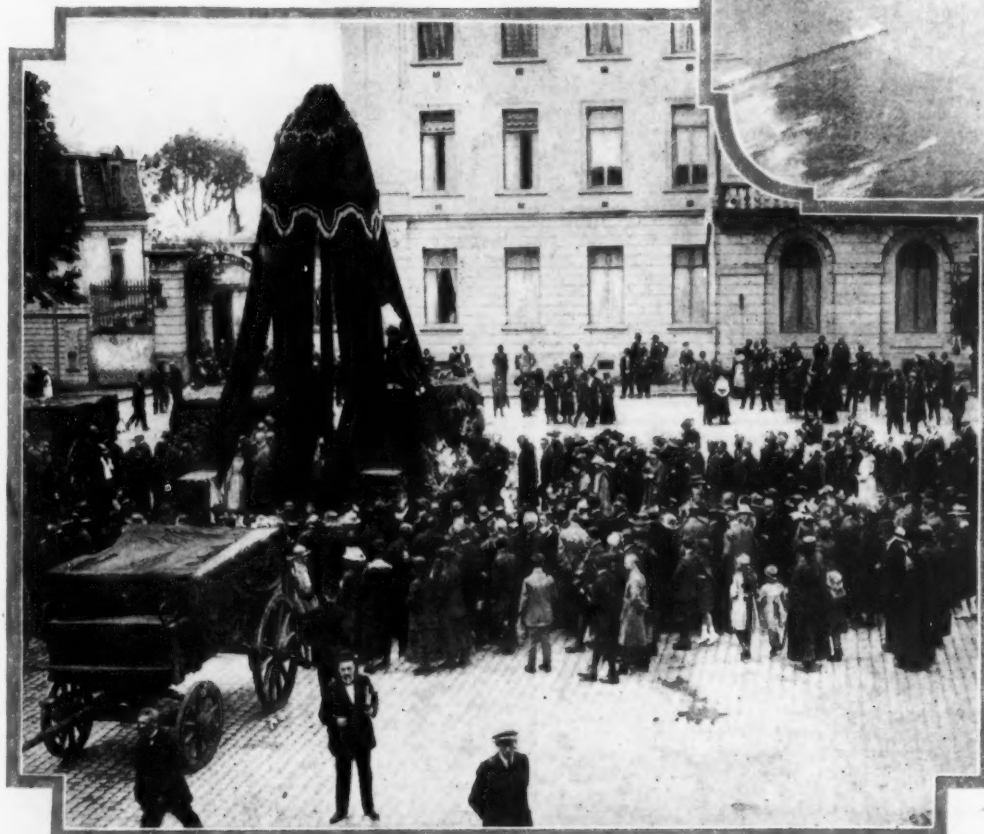


A Great Flyer Dies

It was this sort of thing—an aerial feat performed at Atlantic City—that made Lieutenant Omer Locklear the most famous of all the American daredevil aviators. While participating recently in a daring nocturnal moving-picture stunt at Los Angeles, his machine covered with blazing fireworks and played upon by a number of strong searchlights, he fell 1,000 feet to his death. His able assistant, Lieutenant Hilton Elliott, was killed also.

Were the Germans Cruel?

On August 26, 1914, General von Tessmar, German governor of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, ordered the summary execution of 117 Belgian civilians of Rossignol. They were savagely butchered. The corpses were recently exhumed and carried to Rossignol. Here some of those who visited the cenotaph erected in honor of the victims are shown gathered before the dead.



Chateau-Thierry Receives the Legion of Honor

Standing on ground which our Marines two years ago poured out their blood lavishly to hold, American Ambassador Wallace delivers an address at Belleau Woods, near Chateau-Thierry, during the ceremonies attendant upon the award of the Legion of Honor to the famous French town. The Mayor is seen raising the escutcheon of

the town on which the Minister of War has pinned the coveted medal. A portion of devastated Belleau Woods appears at the right. Chateau-Thierry may be seen in the distant background. The Marne (winding along in the low ground behind the Woods) does not show in the picture. The scene appeared very different to our boys!

Pictorial Digest of



The Glorious Fourth in Mexico

The Fourth of July was celebrated in Mexico City by the Americans, French, Canadians, Mexicans, and English. "Uncle Sam," a well camouflaged Y. M. C. A. secretary, participated in the big event.



Getting Ready for "Bolshies"

General M. C. J. Pelle, of the French army, inspecting some of the Czechoslovak forces, which he now commands. General Pelle is organizing the Czech resistance against the Bolsheviki. Those in the photograph (left to right) are: Colonel Kutivas, Commander of the Czechoslovak troops in Siberia; General Pelle, Minister Kiofac and Foreign Minister, Dr. Benes.



A Strong Turk

The latest portrait of Mustapha Kemal Pascha. It was taken in his study at Angora, the ancient capital of the Osmanlis. During the war his name was mentioned often. For a time he commanded the troops holding the Dardanelles against the Allies' desperate attacks. Later, having achieved considerable power, he became a dangerous rival for Enver Pascha, whom he finally discarded. After Turkey's surrender he was elected President of the National Congress, and when the peace conditions became known he left Constantinople for Asia Minor, where he raised a new army and immediately renewed hostilities against the Allies.

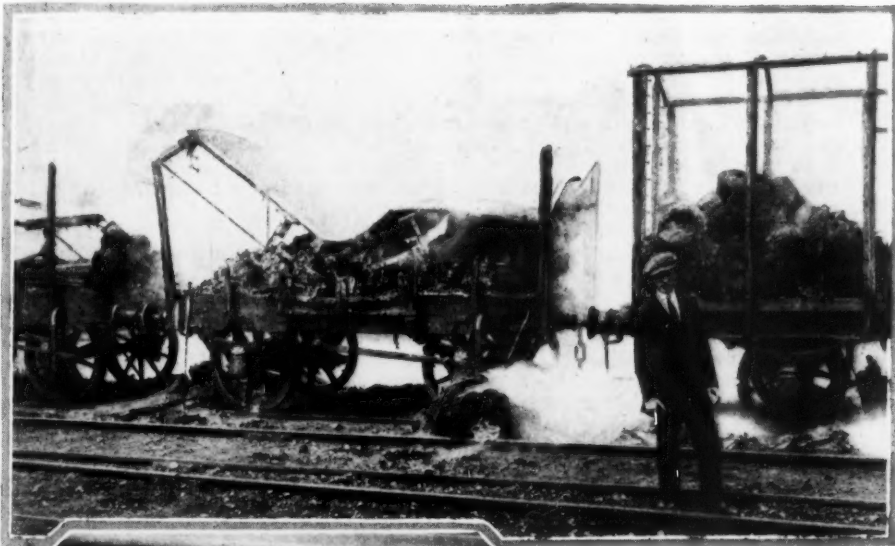


Momentous Days in West Prussia

For months the Germans and the Poles have been squabbling over various bits of territory. As in the case of Schleswig, plebiscites have been held recently to decide the matter.

Thus far, in the majority of instances, the people have expressed a wish to be Germans. This glimpse of a crowded street in Maricawerder (West Prussia) is a typical election-day scene.

the World's News



A Train That Was Delayed

Such sights as this—a munitions train which has been burned—are frequently seen these days in turbulent Ireland. The Sinn Feiners captured this particular one in the vicinity of Dublin.



Like the Movies

After making a patrol of more than 2,000 miles to bring to trial in the White Man's Country an Eskimo (Ouag-Wank) charged with murdering two of his compatriots, Sergeant Douglas, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, recently started a return journey to the Land of the Eskimo. The decision of the authorities to hold the trial near the scene of the crime made the return trip necessary. Douglas is seen at the right here, his prisoner on the left.

REUTERS & VOLUNTEER PRESS



WIREIMAGE

In Memory of a Great Inventor

The beautiful monument which the French have erected to commemorate the achievements of Wilbur Wright and which was recently unveiled at Le Mans. The figure surmounting the shaft is symbolic of the conquest of the air. It is interesting to recall in this connection the fact that the initial experiments of the Wright Brothers, whose results considerably changed the nature of warfare about a dozen years afterward, were held in 1903. In 1908 Wilbur won the Michelin prize in France. The French patent rights of the Wright machine were bought for \$100,000.

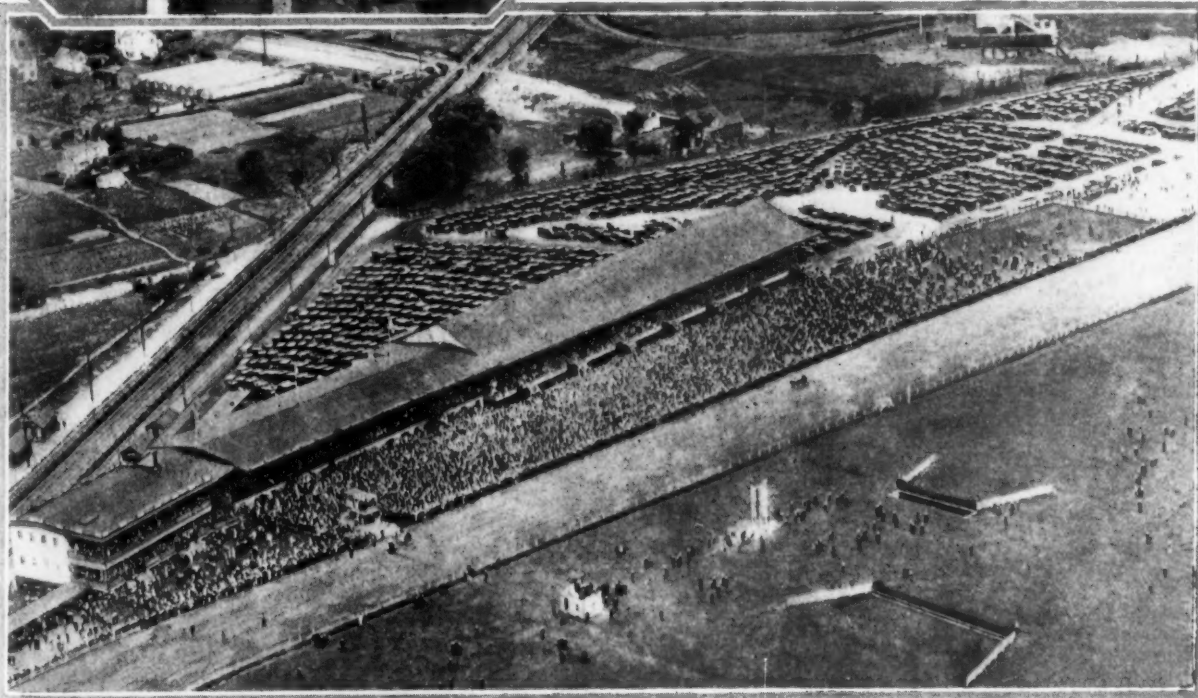


PHOTO BY H. A. H. SERVICE 16TH PHOTO SECTION

A Famous Race Track from the Air

While thousands jammed into the great stands at Aqueduct recently to witness a modern classic of the race track one of Uncle Sam's bird men took this picture from the air. Note particularly the appearance of the motors parked hub to hub. The obstacles used in the steeplechases also show up in an unusual manner.

Two Whose Lives Are Out of the Rut



Elizabeth F. Burnell, liaison officer between Uncle Sam and the secrets of the Western wilderness.

Mother Nature's Chum

By ARTHUR CHAPMAN

CAMPING alone in the wildest spots of the Rocky Mountains is "all in the day's work" with Miss Elizabeth F. Burnell, the first woman to be authorized by the National Park Service as a nature guide in Uncle Sam's great playgrounds in the West.

Miss Burnell is the first woman to take up this unique employment. She has had outdoor adventures in Canada, the Bermudas, on Mobile Bay and at Spirit Lake, Iowa, as well as in most of the national parks and in the Grand Canyon and other national monuments. When she is not engaged in climbing mountain peaks and exploring out-of-the-way places in the wilderness, Miss Burnell is carrying the lessons of nature to children. The San Francisco Neighborhood Association has given Miss Burnell full swing in making two nature rooms for settlements among the Italians of that city.

Much of Miss Burnell's work has been done in Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado. In this park and the adjoining Estes Park region are many of the highest peaks in Colorado, including Long's Peak, which is probably the most famous climb in the entire Rocky Mountain range. She has climbed Long's Peak many times, and has been caught in blinding snowstorms on its precipitous sides. Much of her work of observation is done in winter. Also, she prefers to get new impressions by striking off into localities which are little known. As an instance of her method of work, a recent visit to Wild Basin, one of the most remote sections of Rocky Mountain National Park, might be cited.

Making one's way about in Wild Basin is difficult enough in summer. Miss Burnell spent eight days in the

region late in the fall. Snows come early and the night temperature is severe at such high altitudes. Miss Burnell went in alone, with only such necessary equipment as a sleeping bag, provisions and extra clothing. She climbed several peaks and secured many new impressions of the region. Eight days later, according to previous agreement, she was called for with a packhorse, and she and her supplies were taken back to Estes Park.

There is no danger in such experiences, according to Miss Burnell, if you have learned how to look out for yourself outdoors. If one knows how to use snowshoes, no snowfall is going to be deep enough to make trouble. There is no danger from wild animals, contrary to popular opinion. With a sleeping bag, one is perfectly comfortable at night, no matter how it happens to be storming.

One thing Miss Burnell insists upon is a minimum of camp equipment. The less you have to "pack" the better off you are in the wilds, according to her observation, which is based on experience. For three years Miss Burnell was nature guide for Enos A. Mills, the famous Colorado naturalist, originator of the idea of a national trail school. From his inn on Long's Peak, Mr. Mills has made countless excursions into the wilderness, always coming back with new material.

"One of the best things I have learned from Mr. Mills," said Miss Burnell, "has been the secret of enjoying camping trips alone. The usual comment on such trips seems to imply that one avoids companionship. As a matter of fact, none of my trips would have been possible had I waited for friends to join me. When I was in the Grand Canyon, the Hermit Camp was closed, and had I not been equipped with my sleeping bag I would hardly have

ventured to explore that part of the canyon. A recent trip to Mount Rainier National Park would not have materialized had I waited to form a party."

The need for nature instruction appealed to Miss Burnell, who noted how small is the amount of actual information the average person brings back from an outing trip. This failure to get the best out of excursions into the wilds is not due to lack of interest, as almost every person is eager to acquire trail knowledge. Let a nature guide call attention to some odd and interesting manifestation of nature, and instantly the most indifferent is awake, eager to learn more.

"Some of my happiest guiding experiences have been with children," said Miss Burnell. "After one trip along the trail, with someone to point out things which otherwise they would have overlooked, children will forego pony rides and other familiar pleasures for a repetition of the experience."

The joy of nature-guiding, according to Miss Burnell, is in taking the same persons on successive trips and watching their interest develop and enlarge.

"I remember one family," said Miss Burnell, "which I took out several times. The father was a banker incidentally and an outdoor man primarily. He was a good shot, an excellent horseman, swam and fished and was as much at home in the woods as were the horse wranglers and guides whom he took on his long camping trips. Of the two girls, one was skilled in tennis and golf, but the other had no real enthusiasm for anything outdoors. She was the disappointment of the family, but her interest in the outdoors merely needed rousing in the right way. It fell to my lot to guide the family to Loch Vale. I thought they were not interested—and 'Liz' least of all. But to my surprise, 'Liz' suggested a night trip with sleeping bags. It was 'Liz' who kept me

company at night by the fire and watched the stars rise and set and waked the others for the first tints of dawn. Other trips were made and 'Liz' presided over the bacon and showed the others how to be comfortable on the ground with pine needles for a pillow. A guest of the family came from Chicago, and 'Liz' entertained her at night at timber line in sleeping bags. When the family went home, 'Liz' was its most enthusiastic mountain climber and nature student."

Miss Burnell holds that nature-guiding offers excellent opportunities for women. She believes trail schools should be universal. Every locality has plenty of interest that is well worth teaching, she avers. She explodes the fiction that there is any danger from wild animals and declares that nature's haunts are the safest places in the world. She is rather slight of figure, but her abundance of good health and strength has been proved in the many arduous climbs she has made under the most adverse weather conditions.

Making the Baked Potato Famous

By WARREN EUGENE CRANE

WHENEVER anyone in the Pacific Northwest thinks of big baked potatoes, he almost invariably thinks of Hazen J. Titus, the man who has made them famous. A few years ago he was a messenger boy for the Western Union Telegraph Company and today, at forty, he is president of a chain of twelve restaurants and bakeries that feed between eleven and twelve thousand people daily, with a volume of business totaling several million dollars a year.

After attending school in his native city of Detroit, he went to Chicago, where he worked as a dishwasher in the Union League Club, while waiting for a better opportunity to present itself. He was ambitious and soon let this work to become connected with the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. There his initiative and ability were soon recognized and he was appointed Superintendent of Dining-Car Service.

In 1908, Titus went into the employ of the Northern Pacific Railroad as Assistant Superintendent of Dining Cars and displayed so many progressive ideas that within six months he was promoted to the position of Superintendent of Dining Service for the entire system with fifteen hundred employees and the responsibility of purchasing two million dollars' worth of goods and equipment a year. He conceived the idea of featuring

(Concluded on page 237)

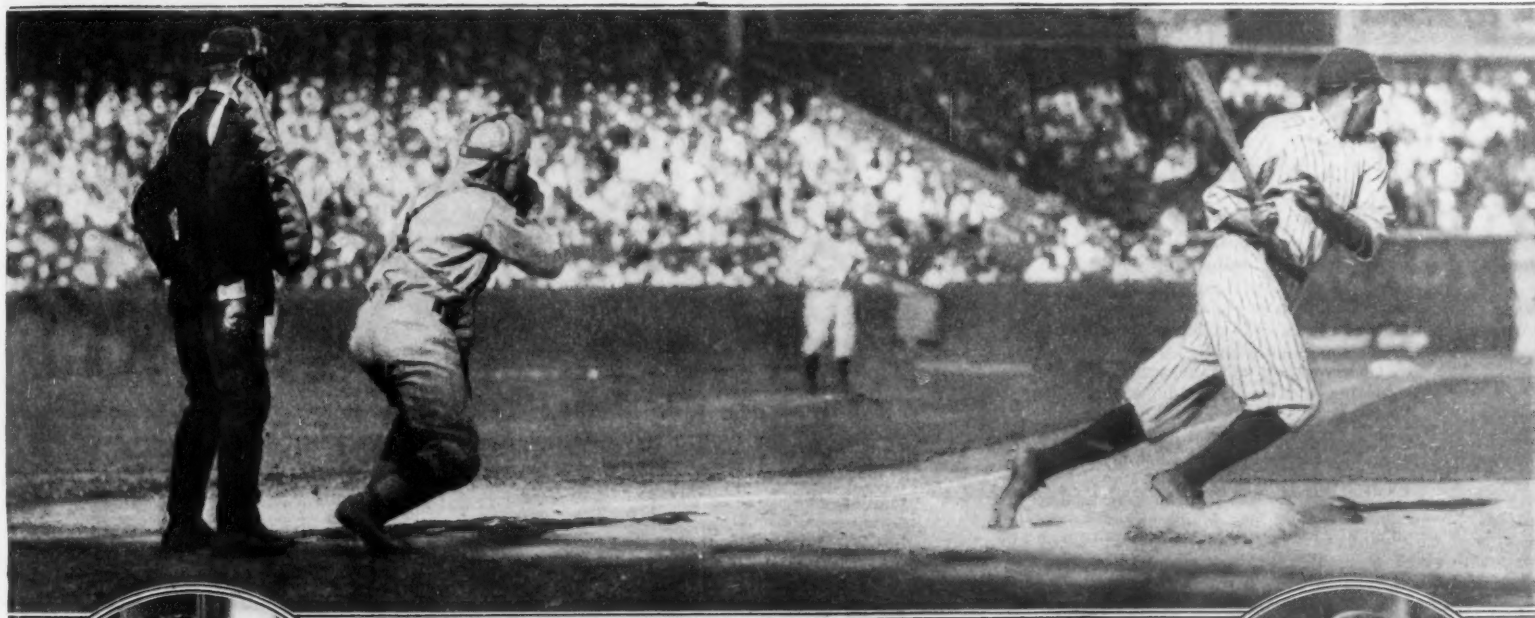


Hazen J. Titus, restaurant wizard of Seattle, whose stepping-stone to fortune was a baked potato.

August 21, 1920

Would You Rather Be Ruth or President?

Babe Wins Undying Fame by Bettering His 1919 Home-Run Record



Baseball's Beloved Babe in Action

Zip! Bang! And the mighty George Herman Ruth is on his way as another homer flashes into the far bleachers. Do the Yankees' owners regret that they gave \$125,000 for his contract and agreed to pay him a yearly stipend of \$20,000?



Registering Thought

The Colossus of Swat figuring how he can fulfill quickly his ambition to make fifty home runs this season so that Harding and Cox may break into the news columns of our leading publications.



Mrs. Babe Ruth

Not the least interested of the 30,000 fans who noisily congratulated the king of clouters when his thirtieth circuit smash upset his own home-run record and won him a \$100,000 motion picture contract.



The Million Dollar Arms and Shoulders

In physical makeup Hercules and Apollo have had a slight edge on the Bambino, but neither, it is said, ever shattered a home-run record. Hence the latter's superior position in the Hall of Fame.



"How Come?" Queries Young America

The Infant explaining to a group of embryo big leaguers how a bat must be held if they would become the home-run champs of the future. Are they interested? Guess!



A Good All-Around Performer

The Babe proving to Friend Wife that he wields a wicked swing in Casino as well as in baseball. Our hero also can tease a golf ball through the air in major league style.

Surprises in Omaha

Fifth of the Series

Mixing with Americans

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

WITH carte blanche to travel anywhere he pleased and to write about whatever caught his fancy, your unbossed delegate-at-large shoved off this spring on a swing around the circle of some 12,000 miles. His instructions were simply to "go out and mix with Americans." This was to be no "personally conducted" tour. Your delegate had no itinerary, no schedule. He could sneak up on an unsuspecting town when it wasn't looking and bear away unconventional snapshots of family groups in their shirt sleeves and kimonos. He could chin with ditch-diggers, interview white-collar folks in the street cars or buttonhole the local capitalists who ride only in limousines.

This he has faithfully done. But what happened? Invariably, your correspondent has found himself more impressed with the unseen spirits of the places visited than with visible and material things. He fell under the spell of light-hearted San Francisco, wondered at the magic that built Los Angeles, delighted in the charms of San Antonio and admired the civic spirit of Kansas City. Much would he have preferred the "right materialistic treatment which delights everybody." By the instinct of journalistic training he would have chosen rather to describe these cities in terms of building materials, bank clearings, census figures, newspapers and libraries, art collections, country clubs, parks and boulevards and business ratings quoted from Dun's.

The Woman of Forty-nine

So it is with something like triumph that he announces from Omaha that here, at last, he has succeeded in disentangling himself from all spells, magic, charms and spirits whatsoever; and that here he believes he can get down to matters solid and material and feel quite free from any influences at all mysterious.

For here a woman, a practical soul and wholly unsentimental, set him on the right track. A handsome woman she was, too—one of those thoroughbreds who as they grow older keep all their beauty and personal charm, and even in a ballroom can valiantly take their own part against a host of rosy-cheeked débutantes. Of her

the envious flappers in Omaha might sigh, like the bud in Kipling's poem: "Ah me! would I were forty-nine!" The Kipling débutante, you may recall, complains of the beaus that—

The incense that is mine by right
They burn before Her shrine;
And that's because I'm seventeen,
And She is forty-nine.

You catch an impressive notion of how young the city of Omaha is when you hear that when this Woman of Forty-nine was born Omaha was a flapper of only seventeen. This Woman of Forty-nine, who, as yet, asks no odds of Youth, confesses that she can remember how in her childhood in Omaha red-skinned Indians used to frighten her by poking their faces into her mother's pantry window and demanding in broken English, "San'-wich, please!" or "Gimme pie!" And when she was a débutante of nineteen, no longer ago than 1890, she recalls the considerable uneasiness that Nebraska felt when the Sioux went out on their last rampage. They were not subdued until General Miles rounded them up, just across the State line in South Dakota, and slaughtered Sitting Bull and three hundred or more "ghost dancing" braves and squaws at the Battle of Wounded Knee.

The woman who tells me this plays golf at the Omaha Country Club on prairie turf that never yet has been broken by a plow. The city of which she is reminiscing is this summer only sixty-six years old, but it has a population greater than that of Athens, Greece, or Venice, Italy. When the Territory of Nebraska was thrown open to white settlement in the summer of 1854, Omaha became a town overnight. Up to that time, the only build-



A new business section of Omaha in Douglas Street—three new office buildings and a new hotel, all done in a brick dark enough not to show discoloration from prosperity's soot and grime.

ing on the site of the present city was one long log cabin. The Government census report, just issued for 1920, shows Omaha today with a population of 191,601.

A traveler who has just arrived in Omaha from Kansas City, and whose next stop is likely to be Chicago, is strongly tempted to compare this place with these two older and larger rivals of the neighborhood. To a foreigner or to an American-born who has spent most of his life in the Eastern States, Omaha might pass simply as a smaller edition of Chicago or of Kansas City, for all three of these cities derive large income from their stockyards and packing-houses, their markets for farm produce, and the railway lines that attract jobbing and wholesale trade. But to one who has lived a quarter of a century in the Middle West, as your correspondent has, such a summary disposal of the case is entirely inadequate.

Even in architecture Omaha is in no sense imitating either of her larger rivals. Though set upon the same Missouri River claybanks as Kansas City, Omaha does not physically resemble Kansas City either in the downtown section or in the residence districts. The latest type of business structure in Omaha is a building of dark-colored pressed brick, with stone or terra cotta trimmings, while Kansas City's fancy runs rather to fronts of glazed white tile which require constant attention from the laundryman. Instead of the half-brick and half-frame "vener" homes so popular in Kansas City's residence districts, Omaha prefers an unmixed architecture, all frame or all brick. And the style after which these residences are cut is unlike either that of Kansas City or of what I remember to have seen in Chicago. It more closely resembles the modes prevalent in New Jersey or Long Island. Brick is the favored building material.

The Blessing of Bricks

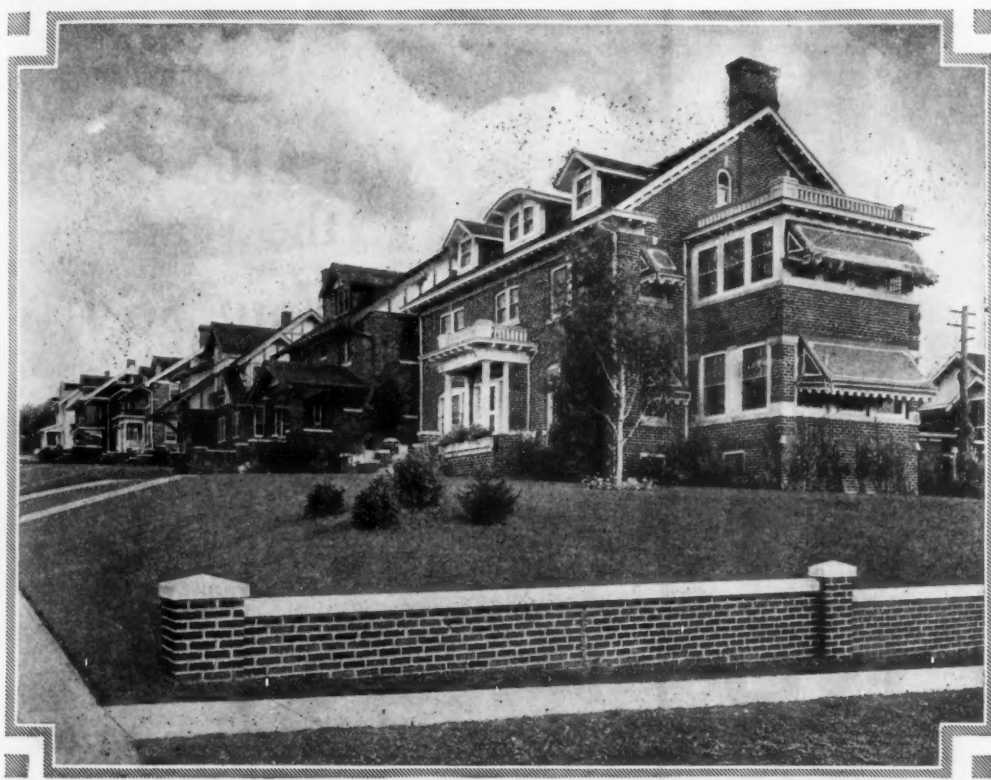
The Omaha Chamber of Commerce has not yet exploited the fact, but this city is blessed with a rather discriminating group of local architects, whose sense of the poetic fitness of things—and of practical economy—is to transform a city built upon claybanks into a city of enduring brick. There is a kind of symbolism in this that Kansas City (which also is set upon claybanks) has not so well appreciated. Omaha appears to use more brick per capita and use it more fittingly than any other place your correspondent has thus far visited. The claybanks have become one of Omaha's greatest natural resources. Thus, as the years roll on, the transformed claybanks will bear substantial visual testimony to the boast of the city's slogan:

"Omaha, where there's lasting prosperity!"

And, leaving poetic appropriateness out of all consideration, what could be more practical than brick? Chicago, Kansas City and Omaha would be wise not to attempt to blink the fact that their prosperity has been accompanied with a steadily increasing amount of soft-



A feature of a Victory parade in Omaha was one of the balloons of the Fort Omaha Balloon School. Omaha also is an airplane center and one of the stations of the cross-country aerial mail. (This shows an older business section.)



A residence block in Omaha in which the same type of brick again predominates. Omaha's use of brick will be a substantial visual testimony to the boast of the city's slogan: "Omaha, where there's lasting prosperity."

coal soot and grime. If this point is not apparent to the resident, it is evident enough to any traveler who has sojourned in places where the air is cleaner—as in Washington, D. C., for example, or in New York City. Snowy marble, white glazed tile and cream-colored brick are glorious adornments to a city if they can be kept clean, but the front of a skyscraper is not like a white linen collar which can be changed daily. Omaha's example in turning to the darker shades of pressed brick is exalted common sense which her various rivals will do well to imitate.

A picture is here reproduced of a new business section of Omaha in Douglas Street—three new office buildings and a new hotel, all done in a brick dark enough not to show discoloration from prosperity's soot and grime. Trimmings of white terra cotta, tile or stone relieve the design from appearing too somber.

Omaha is Beautifying Herself

Opposite this picture is set a view of a residence block in which the same type of brick again predominates. To the mind of your admiring correspondent, these glimpses of the new Omaha are more than merely commendable examples of appropriate architecture—they seem prophetic of how the city will appear in the future.

Omaha sees ahead. One cannot spend many hours here, mixing with her busy citizens, before he becomes deeply impressed by this fact. Like Chicago, Omaha is working out an ambitious "city planning project." Like Kansas City (and Chicago) she is plunging boldly into heavy expenditures for a park and boulevard system. Twenty-two parks of various sizes connected with a chain of boulevards nearly forty miles in length are already completed; and a suburban forest reserve of 2,000 acres is being annexed, with 360 acres owned outright and the remainder under lease. And in what has been accomplished in the way of new buildings constructed in the downtown section in the past ten years Omaha compares to advantage even with Kansas City, which has at least twice as large a population.

All this despite the fact that a tremendously heavy proportion of Omaha's population is of farmer stock. Your correspondent frankly states the case in this untactful fashion because a confession is in order that he can never remember to have lived anywhere except in cities, and that he cannot honestly attempt to write from any viewpoint but that of a city man. Once it was his settled conviction that the average farmer who "moves to town" to live makes an unprogressive citizen, backward about taking any active part in civic betterment and even reluctant to pay his fair share of taxes. The old story used to stick in mind of the farmer whose first act after moving into a town in Kansas was to cover his front lawn with a layer of cement and paint it green, retorting when the neighbors protested:

"I moved to town to rest, not to mow grass."

In recent years, sensing that times were rapidly changing with our rural population, this once firm conviction has been somewhat shaken; and in Omaha it was given a downright jar. For here is a city whose streets are thronged with farmers and retired farmers and farmers' sons, where a number of active farmers even rent offices downtown as headquarters from which to handle their buying and selling; a city, moreover, in which the proportion of city men born and bred is slighter than in any other municipality that your deponent has ever visited. Yet Omaha is distinguished for modernity and aggressiveness, for vision, for high civic ideals and for a willingness to come across with hard cash for any movement in behalf of the public welfare.

What seems most startling of all is to find here that even in those more or less excrescent things in which a city man so often takes particular pride—such matters as writing, painting, the drama, conversation and golf—this farm country headquarters, advertising herself as "the bread basket of the world," is in no sense lacking, either in appreciation or achievement.

As a writer, your correspondent's hat is off to the force

and literary quality of the editorials he read in Omaha newspapers—work that was the match or superior of the highest-paid material of this class printed in the newspapers of New York, Boston or Philadelphia; and he was not in the least surprised to hear the other day, when the prizes of the Pulitzer Foundation were awarded, that an Omaha man, Harvey E. Neubrand of the *World-Herald*, had won the \$500 prize for the best editorial written in America in the year '19.

As a consumer of the drama, it was equally a surprise to attend a performance of the Folk Players of Omaha, an organization of amateurs in the Little Theater movement, and witness a creditable performance of Dunsany's playlet, "Fame," being given in the Missouri Valley before Broadway knew that such a manuscript existed.

As a haunter of picture galleries, your correspondent must confess, further, that he was surprised to find in Omaha two art collections, furnishing an exhibition much larger than Kansas City had to show. He forbears to offer any criticism beyond a suggestion that in their tastes in art both of these Middle Western cities seem to him a little too severe, a little too unsympathetic with the product of living painters and sculptors to arouse in him any considerable enthusiasm. Perhaps this is because so many of his personal friends are trying to earn a living with brush or chisel, and have thus prejudiced him against the relics of departed foreigners.

There Are Book-worms in Omaha

As a bookman, Omaha wins his admiration by placing her central public library close to the heart of town, almost alongside of the building that houses the pit of the grain exchange. The records show that this library and its branches circulate annually more than 400,000 volumes, and add to their shelves at the rate of 10,000 new books a year.

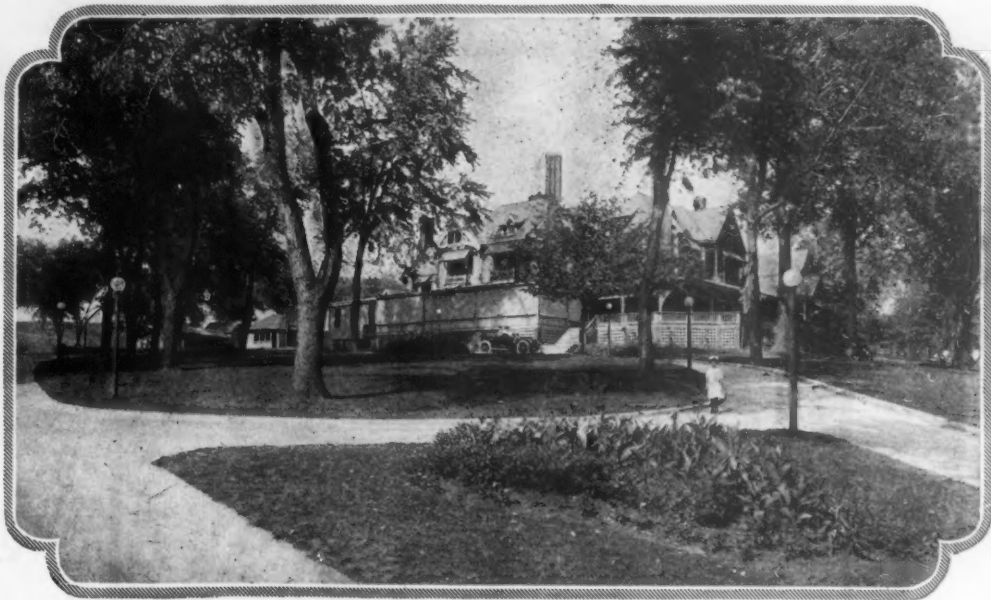
From the (capital "S") Society side, too, Omaha has considerable of which to boast. Your correspondent, acting in journalistic capacity solely, has had occasion this year to visit a score or more of famous country clubs, scattered the length and breadth of America. In Omaha he found as many as three clubs in this classification that were notable enough to deserve national attention. The Omaha Country Club, the Happy Hollow Club and the Field Club are all famous throughout the Missouri and Mississippi valleys for their excellence. No sooner had the Indians been driven away from Omaha's pantry windows than certain cosmopolitans took to playing cricket here—"way back in the early 'nineties.

This British game was finally driven to cover by golf; and today you may read in the official records of the Omaha Chamber of Commerce a startling prophecy to this effect:

"Golf is in a fair way to supplant even baseball as the greatest national pastime." Then, with a characteristic touch of humor: "Witness the fact that professional ball players play golf when they seek amusement."

Now, no one can realize more keenly than your correspondent himself that much of the criticism that he writes about the cities he visits is necessarily sketchy and impressionistic. In Omaha his impression was strong that he had encountered a goodly number of worth-while Americans and that the talk he heard was unusually stimulating.

(Continued on page 242)



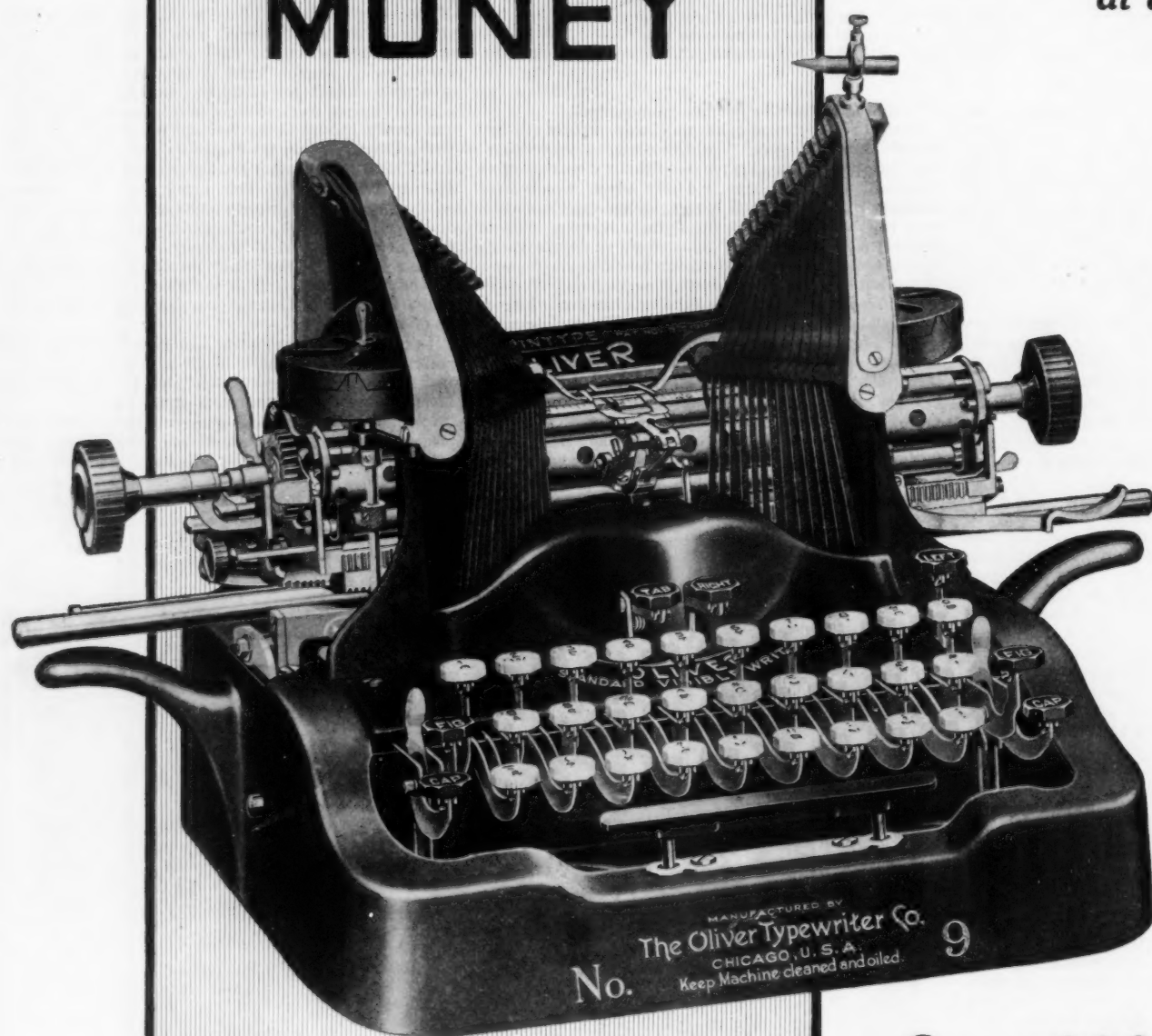
Happy Hollow Club, one of the three famous country clubs of Omaha. One of these clubs (Omaha Country Club) plays golf on a prairie turf that never has been broken by a plow.

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PEN and INKLINGS

by
Oliver Herford

Illustrations by the Author

An Old-Fashioned Heaven

WE have to thank an Anglican clergyman, the Rev. G. Vale Owen, for the latest description of the Future Life of our species. Impelled by a "gentle, steady but accumulative force" this good man became the unwilling amanuensis of the spirit of his mother and "other friends" and has written a description of the houses, trees, bridges, gardens and people of the other world and their occupations that could scarcely be improved upon by the most imaginative motion-picture director, or mechanic, or whoever it may be that writes the scenarios.

We of this world are still, after many thousand years of waiting, eager for the faintest ray of light that may be thrown on the actual conditions of what we call "the world to come," or as the Spiritists love to say, "behind the veil," but for the tawdry imaginings of the Reverend Mr. Owen the "Veil" serves only as an opaque screen upon whose surface they flicker grotesquely like the disorderly apparitions of a motion-picture projection.

As a Seer this reverend gentleman, without for a moment questioning his sincerity, is a failure; his narrative, is childish in its crudity and tedious as a dream told at the breakfast table.

One thing, however, is interesting, and that is to trace as we do, through the transcendental claptrap of "rainbow bridges" and white-winged angels and the pseudo-scientific jargon of "planes," "vibrations," "spheres," and "fourth dimension," the delicate, or should we say, indelicate, touch of the motion-picture mechanic.

No one but a "scenario" editor would dare to introduce bathtubs into a picture of heavenly mansions, and Dr. Owen does not stop at bathtubs; he assures us there are also—don't faint—*water nymphs*! Can't you see Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Lasky and Mr. Fox clamoring for the picture rights!!

And imagine the angelic shade of Anthony Comstock (if he be there) coming unexpectedly upon a school of water nymphs!

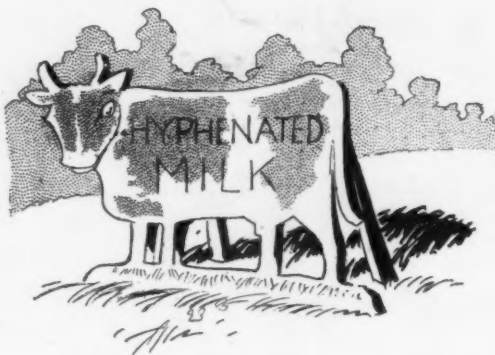
And how is this for a motion-picture "fade out"?

"As we knelt the whole summit of the hill seemed to become transparent—we saw right through it and a part of the regions below was brought out with distinctness. The scene we saw was a dry and barren plain in semi-darkness and standing, leaning against a rock, was a man of large stature."

I strongly suspect that the Reverend Mr. Vale Owen is, like myself (to my shame confess it), a motion-picture fan!



Depilating Maisie.



The Wooden Cow.



Suppose Anthony Comstock's spirit should suddenly meet one of them.

Oh, Los Angeles!

A LOS ANGELES woman, if the papers are to be credited, has taken up her lawn to save the trouble of mowing it and replaced the sods with cement painted green to resemble the color that Nature gave to grass.

To bring up a good lawn takes more love and care and time and patience and skill than to rear a good child. To destroy a good lawn is to destroy billions of lives—it is worse, far worse, numerically speaking, than destroying a child.

It is too horrible. It is enough to drive one to Verse, and worse than that, it has driven me to write a book of verses. The book will be called the "Child's Cement Garden of Verses." Here are a few specimens:

Child's Cement Garden of Verses

1—MAISIE'S MA
Maisie's Ma, exasperated
At the sum a haircut cost,
Had her baby depilated
And its little scalp embossed
With a patent composition
Painted to resemble hair
That would keep in good condition
And require no barber's care

2—BABY'S SKULL
Baby toddling on the grass
Tripped and tumbled down, alas!
On the emerald lawn cemented
Baby's skull was badly dented.

3—THE WOODEN COW
The Wooden Cow all black and white,
And sometimes white and black,
Stands motionless with all her might
Beside the railroad track.

She stands beside the railroad track,
With smile as smooth as silk
And advertises Phony-Lac
Or Hyphenated Milk.

And lamped by all the trains that pass,
And drenched by all the showers,
She stands upon the painted grass
And eats the painted flowers.

Odd Facts in the World of Science

Edited by HERWARD CARRINGTON, Ph. D.

Testing the Hardness of Objects

A NEW instrument for testing the hardness of objects has been devised, and is known as a "Dial Recording Scleroscope." It was lately put on exhibition by the American Society of Mechanical Inspectors, at an Exhibition held in the Astor Hotel, New York City. The tensile strength of small objects may thus be tested. Greater and greater pressure is brought to bear upon the object to be tested, and a recording dial automatically registers the number of pounds of pressure applied. This can be read on the dial; and, when the adjustment is to be very fine, a magnifying glass is used to read the slight variations, as shown in the right-hand instrument. Steel girders, beams, etc., have long been tested in this manner, and the present device is merely an application of this principle to smaller objects. It is expected, however, that this new machine will prove of the utmost practical value to engineers and mechanics in a number of different ways.

An Oldest Inhabitant

HE waited 375 years to have his photograph taken, but "everything comes to him who waits"—if only he waits long enough! Here we have a photograph of a giant tortoise which weighs 350 pounds, and is said to be at least 375 years of age. That is, he was born soon after this country was discovered by Columbus—and is still alive and going strong! If the tortoise could only talk—what an encyclopædia of history he could relate! Tortoises are among the longest-lived of reptiles—probably because their rate of growth (and life) is so slow. It has long been known that the Aldabra Tortoises have reached the age of from 100 to 150 years. Carp are said to live over 100 years. It was formerly thought that whales lived to a great age, but this is now questioned. Seals are long-lived if they reach the age of twenty. The alligator and crocodile are quite long-lived, and so is the elephant. As a general rule, among mammals, it may be said that their span of life is about five times the length of their maturity. That is, a dog matures at two, and dies at ten, etc. According to this, man should reach the age of at least 100 years, assuming that he matures at twenty; and the fact that the average length of life today is less than half this, proves that something is wrong with our modern "civilization" and methods of living. Modern students of hygiene

are inclined to believe that food—excessive in quantity and wrong in quality—is the chief cause for this premature breaking-down and loss of life on the part of man.

Sure 'Nuf "Horse" Power

OUR old friend, Dobbin, the horse, is to go into the electric light producing business, through an invention by Robert D. McCreary, of Cincinnati. "If," said McCreary, "a horse can give power to a wagon, why can't he give energy to a dynamo?"

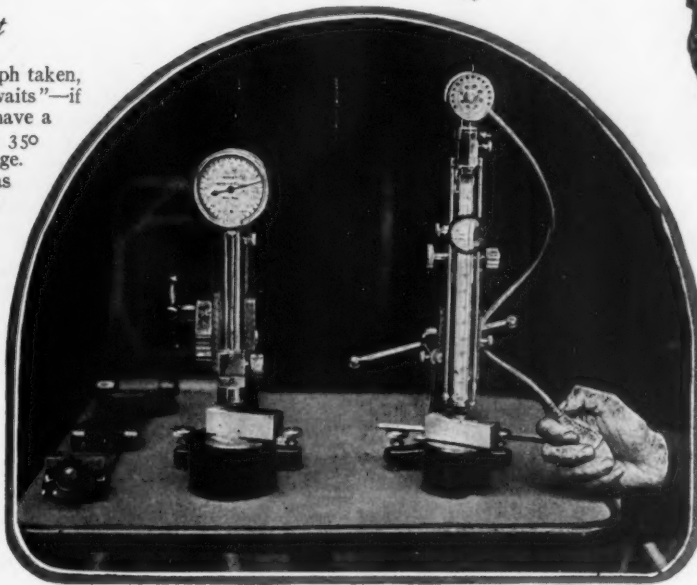
In other words, a horse, figured McCreary, could be used as a one-horse-power engine.

So he invented a harness attached to a set of gears, which in turn are attached to a dynamo; the horse steps into the harness and starts to walk around and around on a 14-foot track at the rate of one and a half miles per hour, making electricity all the while.

If the horse should stop, an electrically controlled bell rings, as much as to say, "Giddap Dobbin," and an



This tortoise was born soon after Columbus reached America—and has just had his first picture taken! He is in the New York Zoo.



The "Dial Recording Scleroscope" for testing the tensile strength of small objects. The dial shows the pressure.

really mean, anyway? Very few people seem to have any clear idea of this; and, that being the case, a plain statement of what is really intended by the term "The Fourth Dimension" may not be out of place. First of all, then, roughly speaking, a dimension is a direction. Starting from a theoretical "point," which on Euclid's definition, "is that which has no parts and no magnitude" we draw, from that point, a straight line. This is one dimension—one direction. Now, if we draw another line, at right angles to the first, through the same point, we have two directions—two "dimensions." In order to draw a third line at right angles to the other two, through the same point, it would be necessary for us to

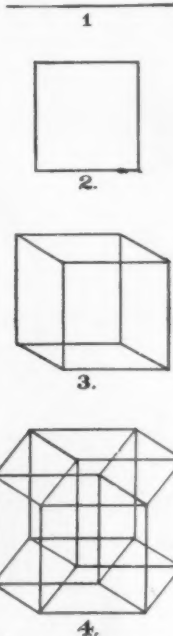
leave the flat surface of the paper altogether, and draw a line up and down through the paper. This gives us three dimensions—and that is all we know—since movement in any direction whatever (diagonally, for example) is merely a combination of the previous three. Length, breadth and thickness are thus the three traditional "dimensions." To put the matter in another way: A straight line—moving at right angles to itself—generates a square and a square, moving at right angles to itself, generates a cube. So, by analogy, it ought to be possible for us to move that cube in some direction at right angles to itself—and thus generate a fourth-dimensional figure—a "hyper-solid" or "tesseract," as it is called. Theoretically, we know just what this figure ought to look like: it ought to have 16 corners, 32 edges, 24 faces (squares) and 8 bounding cubes. Actually, we have never succeeded in constructing such a figure, though many ingenious attempts have been made to

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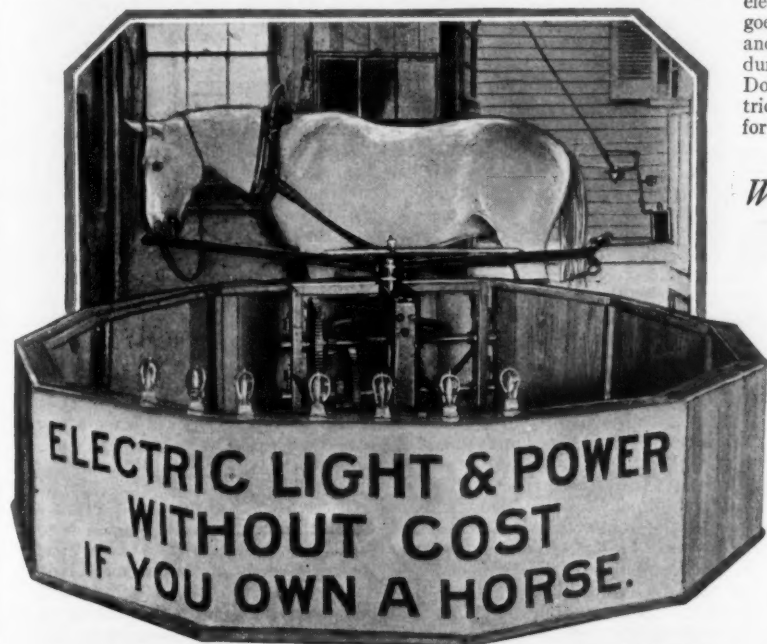
electrically controlled whip taps him lightly on the back. The electricity Dobbin thus makes goes into a storage battery and, by working three hours during two days of each week, Dobbin can make enough electricity to light up a farmhouse for a whole week.

What Is the Fourth Dimension?

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN'S recent theory of Relativity has once more brought the theory of "The Fourth Dimension" into public prominence—since, in his view, time is the fourth dimension—as H. G. Wells had suggested years ago. Now, before we can understand this, or what Prof. Einstein means by his suggestion, we must first of all ask ourselves the question: What does the Fourth Dimension



A line (1 dimension); a square (2 dimensions); a cube (3 dimensions); and a freak "tesseract" (4 dimensions).



Running a Dynamo by "Horse-Power." An hour's work a day will light the farm.

Co-operation in Foreign Trade

By W. E. AUGHINBAUGH

FATE has decreed that the people of the United States must become foreign traders. There is no escape from that verdict. This condition is due directly to the great European war which disorganized industries of all kinds, retarded production, reduced man-power and entirely changed commercial channels. A striking illustration in this connection is Germany which formerly did an enormous foreign trade and which is today a second-rate power, without ships, without credit, without organized workers, deprived of fuel and unable to supply her former customers the goods she produced in the days of her prowess. But trade will not stand still because goods cannot be obtained from former sources. The overseas buyer must stock his shelves with the things his customers require, and to do that he is forced to come to the United States.

Our Strategic Position

Of all the nations engaged in the world devastating conflict, the United States suffered less. Our man-power is comparatively intact. Our manufacturing plants have actually been enlarged and today are really capable of producing more goods than ever. Our country is rich in raw materials, which are conveniently accessible to our factories. Our transportation systems are the best in the world, and our merchant marine is getting better every day and will shortly be able to serve us in all the seas of all the world. Furthermore we are financially able to aid both buyer and seller, for throughout the length and breadth of the land are to be found American banks willing and anxious to extend assistance to responsible firms desirous of entering foreign markets. And these same banks either have their own branches all over the world or else are in direct touch with responsible monetary organizations abroad co-operating with them to the end that the financial demands of foreign trade shall not suffer.

This picture is not in the least over-painted, yet strange to say the masses of the population of this country have been and still are more or less indifferent to the great opportunity which confronts them. A casual glance at the situation will reveal the fact that there is not a man, woman or child, rich or poor, who will not reap in some degree a direct benefit from the overseas business which can be secured by those having goods to sell.

To properly develop foreign trade one thing is positively essential, namely: co-operation. There must be co-operation—co-operation between the people and the manufacturer—co-operation between the manufacturer and the exporter—co-operation between the exporter and the shipping companies—co-operation between all classes of business men and the financial institutions of the country, large and small, metropolitan and urban—co-operation between everybody interested in this special line and the universities and schools giving foreign trade courses—co-operation between trade bodies and chambers of commerce and their members. And keeping a watchful eye over the entire situation, backing the American citizen in every legitimate move he makes to acquire overseas business, should be the Government of the United States co-operating in every possible manner with the prospectors in this wonderful and inviting field of commerce.

The farmer is as much interested in foreign trade today as the manufacturer. Much of the fruits, vegetables, cereals and meats grown by him ultimately find their way to overseas markets. As proof of this assertion the records of the Department of Commerce show that in 1913 the total value of merchandise exported to foreign countries by the United States amounted to \$2,428,506,358, of which sum \$1,123,-

651,958 were for farm products, or otherwise expressed 46 per cent. of the nation's entire exports came from this source. In 1918 a little more than 39 per cent. of our total overseas business was represented by fruits, cereals, vegetables, meats, eggs and butter, while in 1919 our agricultural exports amounted to the enormous sum of \$3,583,000,000 or about 45 per cent. of our total foreign trade.

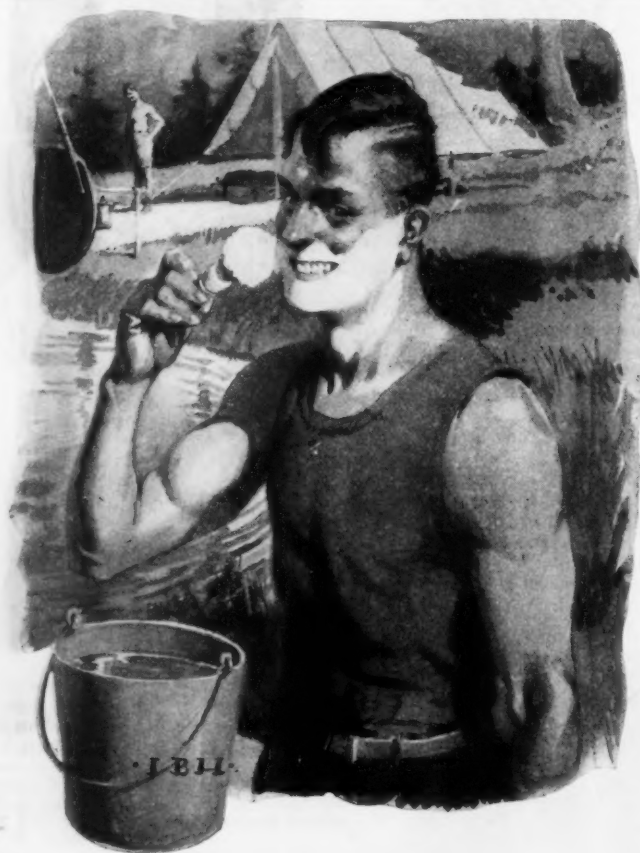
These figures demonstrate clearly that the American farmers are deeply concerned in foreign trade if they only knew it. In fact, their interests are greater than any other group of men. Unfortunately they have never given the problem the serious thought to which it is entitled, and as a consequence have let much of the profits of this lucrative business stick to the hands of middlemen and brokers, whereas by exercising a little judgment they might retain the larger share for themselves. The time has arrived when the American farmers should organize for the handling of their products in foreign markets just as many of them have done for our local markets. With qualified representatives stationed in overseas commercial centers, for example, their interests can be better protected and at the same time their customers more promptly catered to under the most favorable conditions.

The small manufacturer too should awaken to the possibilities of foreign trade. It has been stated that fully 50 per cent. of the manufactured goods that go to buyers outside of the United States are produced in towns having a population of 50,000 or less. This proportion will undoubtedly grow larger as our working classes find that they can live more economically and better in small communities. Yet it is extremely difficult to find in these small manufacturing towns any group of men or any trade organization devoted exclusively to foreign trade and designed to further our overseas commerce. Instead, they allow the outsider to reap a profit on the things they produce, and in a way lose control over their product. Instead of making every effort to increase their foreign business they practically ignore it and only accept the orders from outside this country which come to them without any effort and unsolicited.

The Bankers' Job

The banker in these small towns and the country banker North and South, East and West should play a far more important rôle in foreign trade. To do his share in conquering overseas markets he must awaken from the lethargic state into which he has fallen and prepare himself for the really big job that is to be his portion of this work. He of all men must realize that his sphere of usefulness extends far beyond loaning money on farm mortgages and discounting local commercial paper. He must learn to co-operate with his depositors and with the producers in his immediate vicinity in educating them to the full value of foreign trade possibilities. He should so prepare himself for the gigantic task ahead of him that he will be able to answer any question dealing with any phase of foreign trading—be, in fact, a complete encyclopedia of foreign trade. If he helps create an interest in overseas markets on the part of his clients the time will come when the financial returns incident to the part his bank will play will add materially to the profit side of his ledger.

There are no great financial risks incident to foreign trade. Common business sagacity, coupled with a knowledge of foreign markets are the prime essentials. The all-important thing to understand is to give the overseas customer what he wants, as he wants it, and not to endeavor to force upon him the things that we think he should buy.



Cold Water

I DON'T suppose there is anything in the world that will make a man fly off the handle and bawl out the world in general, like finding there is no hot water when he wants to shave.

To most men, the idea of shaving with cold water is like catching a train before sunrise on a rainy morning, or rebuilding a furnace fire when you get home from a week end at midnight with the house down to zero.

That is why I have never made much of an effort to put across the idea that Mennen Shaving Cream works exactly as well with cold water as with hot—and nearly two million men know whether or not it works well with hot. It has been difficult enough to wean men away from hard caustic soap, without advocating anything so cheerless as shaving with cold water.

Yet the funny part of it is that you are likely to prefer cold water with Mennen's if you will try it a few times—especially in hot weather. Cold water is stimulating—wakes you up—keeps your skin in good condition.

Anyway, there will be occasion this summer when you won't have any choice. At summer hotel,

boarding house, camp, on yacht or Pullman, it is usually cold water or nothing.

That will be a good time to give Mennen's a tryout. If you can draw a bucket of ordinary pond water and in three minutes build up a lather so firm and moist and marvelous in beard softening power that shaving is more like a caress than a major operation, the experience will confirm your belief that Mennen Shaving Cream is one of the finest things that ever came into your life.

If our giant size, 50 cent tube, seems too big an investment for a tryout, send 15 cents for my demonstrator tube.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)



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SCATTERED throughout America, in cities, towns and hamlets, are thousands of Goodyear Service Station Dealers instructed in this Company's policy.

That policy includes the building of a quality tire, its convenient distribution, and delivery to the user of all the mileage it originally contained.

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Because Goodyear Tires and the sincere conservation service behind them afford uncommon satisfaction, more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.



This is an actual photograph, taken in Fairbury, Ill., of a representative Goodyear Service Station

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GOODYEAR

CORD TIRES



The Public Be Jammed!

Nothing like a ride in the street car at rush hour, if you're feeling lonely. There you will find companionship a-plenty.

Friendly elbows digging into your ribs, a foot or two placed affectionately upon your own, an umbrella handle caressing the small of your back.

This is the mode of travel we Americans apparently prefer. At any rate it is all that we pay for.

Yet, though the brave effort of two or more bodies to occupy the same space at the same time may be interesting as a scientific experiment, to the health of the contestants struggling in the foul and germ-laden air, it holds a menace.

But after all, the street railway can't give us any better service than we pay for. Whatever extra cars, extra seats, extra speed we desire can come only from the money we furnish.

The service of street railways, whether owned by the public or by private interests, must be paid for by the people who ride.

So, how much we pay and what we consider worth paying for, are questions purely up to us.

In the face of rising costs for material and labor, shall we hold our railways down to the old fare—and watch the service become less and less adequate as their resources shrink?

Or rather, shall we spend a few cents more each day to keep the street railway equipment in good order, to build up a better service for our own comfort and convenience, and even for our health?

Published in
the interest of Elec-
trical Development by
an Institution that will
be helped by what-
ever helps the
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Western Electric Company

No. 12. Western Electric—an organization which through half a century has had a share in bringing the convenience of electric light, power and communication to millions of Americans.



A Smart Hotel for Smart People
Metropolitan in every respect, yet homey
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HOTEL WOLCOTT

Very desirable for women traveling alone
Thirty-First St. by Fifth Ave., New York

You can be quickly relieved if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents coin or stamps for 70-page book on Stammering and Stuttering. "Its Cause and Relief." It tells how I relieved myself after stammering for 20 years.
BENJAMIN N. BOGUE. 4134 Boone Building, Indianapolis

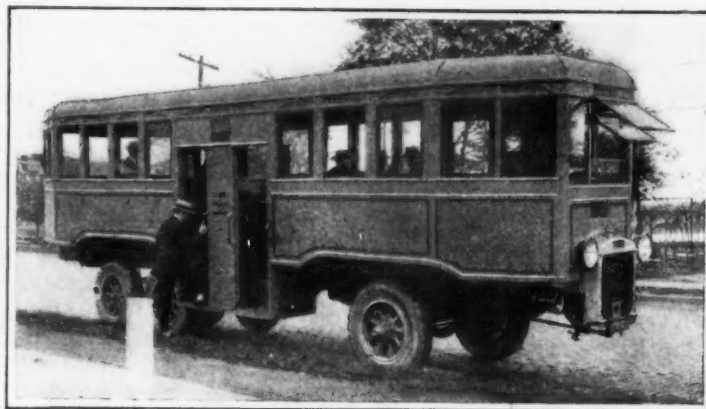
W.S.S. Stamps for sale at post offices, banks, department stores, and a multitude of other places.
Look for the letters

W.S.S.

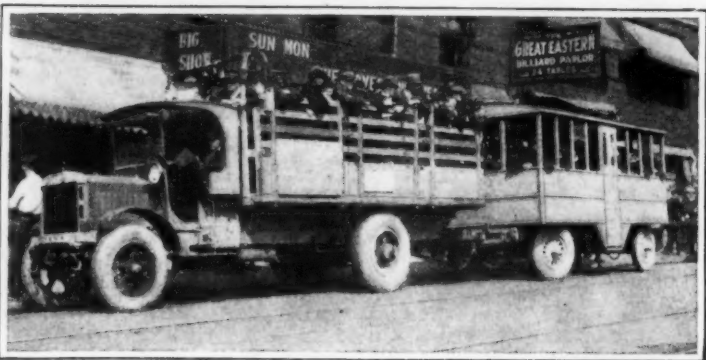
Trolleys Stop—But Akron Rides



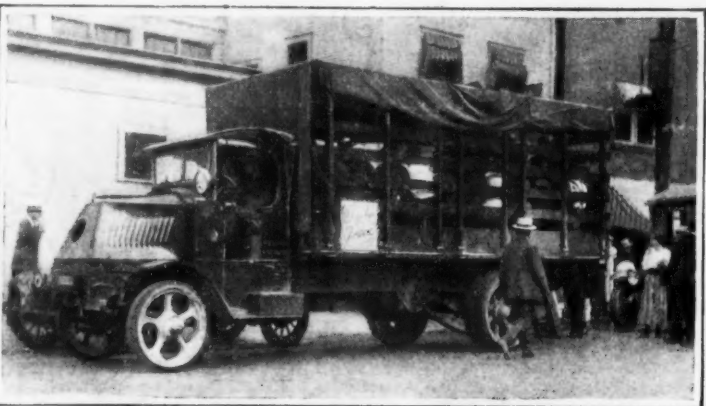
Akron has a population of 208,000, one-third of which are employed in the large rubber factories. Transportation is a serious problem. When the trolley stopped the rubber companies started passenger trucks.



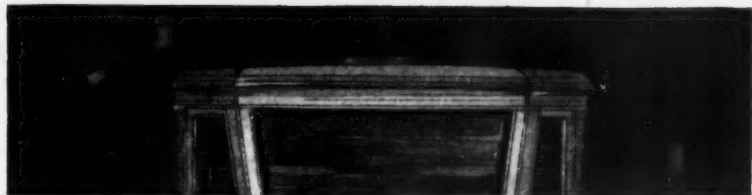
This is a type of bus which has been developed to take the place of the pay-as-you-enter trolley car. It is mounted on pneumatic tires, has six wheels, seats 70 passengers and can be driven over almost all kinds of roads.



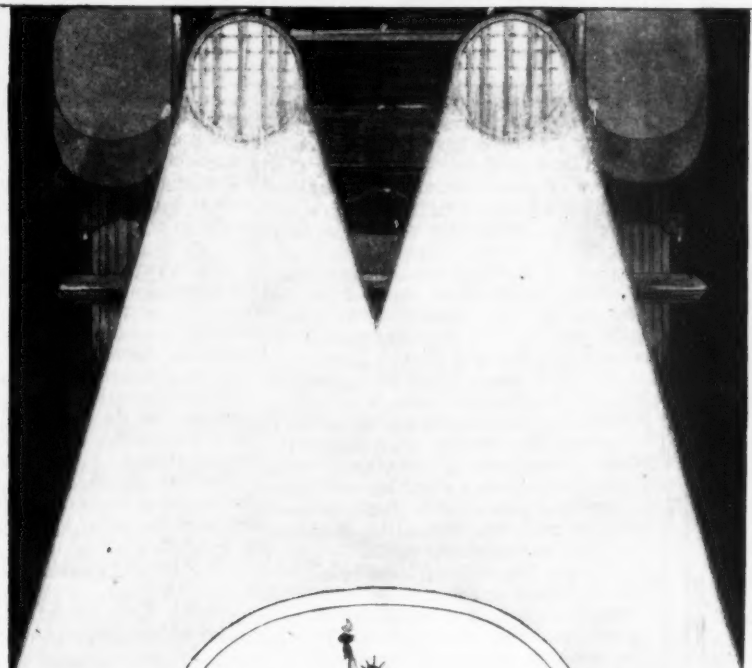
Regular routes were laid out and constant schedules maintained to meet the needs of every shift of workmen. The surplus power developed by some of the trucks was used to good advantage by the installation of trailers.



The immediate motorization of Akron's passenger transportation system called into play several types of vehicle, and yet the comfort and speed with which the workmen were carried soon brought the strikers to terms.



LIBERTY LENS



Macbeth-Evans made
the great lens in this
famous statue.



The same scientific
skill produced the
Liberty Lens.

The Light of Leadership

THE Liberty Lens is the choice of leadership. The leading cars of America have adopted it. It is already standard equipment on more cars than any other lens!

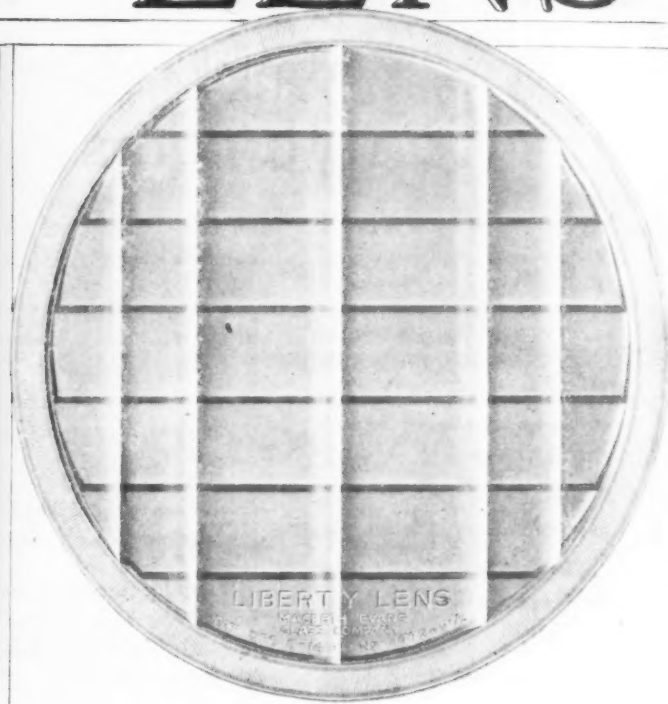
The Liberty is likewise the product of leadership. For half a century its makers' products have been chosen wherever the highest efficiency in light control has been demanded. The same skill and experience have finally produced this splendidly efficient lens.

Light where needed

is the principle of the Liberty Lens. Dangerous glare is converted into protective illumination. Six perpendicular prisms on the face of the lens spread the rays wide to light the roadsides. Seven transverse prisms in the rear bend the rays down on the road under a line 42 inches high, 75 feet ahead. The Liberty Lens is legal everywhere.

MACBETH-EVANS GLASS COMPANY, Pittsburgh
Branch Offices in: Boston; Chicago; New York;
Philadelphia; Pittsburgh; San Francisco;
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For half a century this trade-
mark has been the sign of
admitted superiority.



A mere touch will end it— So with corns

A spot on your hand is ended with a touch of soap. You don't cover it and keep it.

A touch of Blue-jay ends a corn, as easily and surely. Then why pare and coddle corns, and let them stay for years?

Millions of people nowadays end all corns in this way:

They drop on liquid Blue-jay or apply a Blue-jay plaster.

The ache stops. The toe from that moment is comfort-

able. And shortly the entire corn loosens and comes out.

The method was perfected in this world-famed laboratory. It is gentle, scientific, sure. It is now the recognized, the model way of dealing with a corn.

It means to those who know it a lifetime without corns.

If you let corns spoil happy hours, you should learn the folly of it. Try Blue-jay tonight. Your druggist sells it.

Blue-jay
Plaster or Liquid
The Scientific Corn Ender

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Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

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GUARANTEE**

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Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	\$6.00	\$1.75	32x4	\$9.75	\$2.60	36x4½	\$12.00	\$3.40
30x3½	7.00	2.00	32x4	9.00	2.75	36x5	13.00	3.60
31x3½	7.25	2.10	34x4	9.25	2.85	36x5	13.25	3.70
32x3½	7.50	2.25	34x4½	10.50	3.00	37x5	13.50	3.75
31x4	8.50	2.50	35x4½	11.50	3.15			

Send \$2 deposit for each tire and \$1 for each tube ordered, balance C. O. D. Tires shipped subject to your examination. State whether S. S., C. L., (Q. D.) plain or N. S. is desired. All same price.

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As We Were Saying

By ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

"THE LATEST HUMOR"

(An Autobiography)

I AM an old joke. I came to this country in a volume of *Punch* about 1856. For a number of years, I was made to work very hard in such papers as *Yankee Notions*, *Vanity Fair*—not the one that Mr. C. edits—an earlier one—and *Budget of Fun*.

It was first thought that the Civil War would put me out of business, but it didn't. The demand for me and my kind became brisker than ever. I was brought forth again and again.

After the war, and for the next forty years, I had a busy career. My external dress was altered pretty often, but at bottom I was the same old joke, and getting mighty tired of hard labor, if anybody should have asked me. Which nobody did.

When the new century began, things eased up with me a trifle. I wasn't put through my paces quite so often. Occasionally, I overheard a sneer as to my antiquity. This rather pained me at first, to confess the truth; but now I am having my revenge. I am appearing on the screen.

In other words, I am in the movies. A very high-priced expert has selected me; and I am now read by millions instead of thousands. Exchange editors on newspapers had been clipping me for years, or whenever the Foreman yelled downstairs that he was all out of copy, and how in blank-blank did they expect him to fill the first edition if they didn't give him something to set! Sometimes, the office-boy would clip me—anybody at all.

But now I'm "selected," and by an expert, and I appear before my audience in a beautiful frame. It is quite a triumphal procession; quite overwhelming. This is the order of march; my escort, as announced daily to the public:

Flicker-Flicker Film Co.
Abe Flicker, Pres.

GIGGLEGRAMS

Latest Humor Handpicked Weekly and Guaranteed Pure

Directed by Percival Shears
Decorations by Clarence Pilfer
Photography by Marcus Snap.

Then I come, to the music of a thirty-piece orchestra!

The alphabet makes strange bedfellows now and then. For example, take these two entries, side by side, in a catalogue of talking-machine records: "Abe Kabibble at the Ball Game," and "Abide with Me."

Meet Professor Tomasina of Italy. He has perfected an instrument which he calls the electro-radiophone. It will detect an approaching storm long before a sign of it is visible to the naked eye. If the Professor would make a small fortune, he will get his radiophone out in pocket size for domestic use. Many a married man will bless his name.

BOXING THE PASTRY COMPASS

The recent yacht races stimulated within us an interest in the Mariner's Compass, an instrument which we had always understood was intricate. To learn its points in their proper order, so as to bluff gracefully on the subject of sailing, seemed a prodigious job. And then, one noon, in a quick-lunchery, we saw a man cutting up a pie.

There is nothing haphazard about pie-cutting in a quick-lunchery. Each pie must yield just so many pieces, and of late the pieces have been getting smaller; hence

more of them to the pie. There was a time, before the war, when a pie yielded eight portions, each a liberal wedge. Boxing the compass, one slice worked around the circle from North to Northeast; the next from Northeast to East. And so on around to North again. But that was at least six years ago.

As we watched the deft pieist at his delicate task, it was a simple transition to the Mariner's Compass. The old ten-cent slice, which extended from North to Northeast, now stopped short at North, Northeast, a much sharper angle. And there were sixteen wedges to one pie: North; North, Northeast; Northeast; East, Northeast; East; East, Southeast; Southeast; South, Southeast; South; South, Southwest—but you grasp the idea. That was easy enough for a first lesson in navigation; and learned right there on a high stool, too, without danger of being washed over the lee rail in a puff of wind from the electric fan.

Now we eagerly await the next and final lesson in boxing the pastry compass. Any day, we expect, the high cost of materials and the mounting demands of the pie-varnishers' union will enable us to master by close observation, not merely sixteen, but the whole thirty-two points of the compass, for there will be before long thirty-two ten-cent wedges to a pie. North just a little way—a slice something like an Indian flint arrowhead—to North by East; thence a dime more to North, Northeast; thence to Northeast by North; and then to Northeast. Four slices, and only an eighth of the way around the circumference of the pie!

Steady! Keep her as she is! Steady! Yo, ho, ho, and a hunk of homemade apple!

Italian profiteers patronize the movies to see "how people in smart society dress, move and act." Somebody ought to slip them a few reels of a Sunshine Comedy.

A STRIKE THAT MIGHT HELP

There was an obscure item in the papers recently which told of a threatened strike by the men who make movies. Not the actors, directors, publicity men and so forth, but "the mute, inglorious" mechanical forces who, it was said, were under the impression that they were not getting all, in a financial sense, that was coming to them.

In the face of rumored strikes on railroads, in mines, and in what are termed basic industries, a strike threat by movie mechanics might not, at first glimpse, seem important. And yet—well, think it over. Such a strike would ultimately cause a shutdown of all movie theaters in the United States for lack of reels. Thousands of abie-bodied men, who now loll in movie shows every afternoon from one o'clock on, would be thrown out of employment. They would have no place to go; practically nothing to do. They would be desperate, and prey to all sorts of sudden impulses. In their desperation, they might even go to work.

P. S.—If increased production in all lines is desirable—and we seem to remember having heard some one say that it was—the big basic industries might secretly finance a strike of movie mechanics and keep it going for a year or two. It might not be a bad thing for the country.

St. John's, Newfoundland, heard snatches of phonograph music 800 miles distant on an Atlantic liner. And yet there are people who think their lot hard because they can hear the jazz records in the flat next door.

Discipline for Parents

(Concluded from page 217)

for endurance, began to show unmistakable signs of fatigue. Not so Bill Junior and Sandy. Theirs were the muscles and nerves and lungs of youth. They were used to playing seven and eight sets of singles in the most torrid weather, and to them a double match like this was, as they would have called it, pie.

Clustered behind one of the back-nets, viewing the match through the wire, sat a fraction of the tournament crowd—tennis insiders who always liked to see the game from the end of the court. Suddenly Olly Dashwin got up from his camp chair and crossed over to George Glynn.

"Watch Sandy!" he whispered excitedly. "Throwing the set, sure's you're born!"

George watched. Presently he spoke to the man next to him. In a moment the word was passing from ear to ear in the little group of cracks. They bent over and looked at the players more closely. Then they leaned back, and again talked to one another in whispers, and all of them began to fidget and wriggle in their chairs and nudge each other in delight.

"And Bill Junior, too—look at him!" exclaimed Ned Bell when the Sperry boy, with the score 8-7 in his favor, abandoned his top-spin drive, dealt the ball a careful chop, and sent it far over the back line.

"Right you are!" said Olly. "I'll eat the racquets if those kids are not trying to kill off the old vets!"

The conspiracy detected by expert eyes was all unknown to the rest of the gallery. And it was unknown to Bill Senior and Fred as well, because they had reached the stage where they knew one thing and one only, that they were weary nigh unto death. All their attention was centered upon the simple problem of remaining in action. They puffed and panted and perspired. And they resorted to all the familiar time-killing devices that they had condemned so often in years gone by. They stopped to mop their hands and faces, they rolled up their sleeves and rolled them down again, they stooped to tighten their shoe-laces. If either of them saw a ball lying loose in the enclosure, even though it was five yards away from the court, he walked over to it slowly, very slowly, and pushed it against the wire, and then walked slowly, very slowly, back again. When they changed sides, at the end of every second game, they rinsed out their mouths, long and carefully, with oatmeal-water.

The fourth set was won by the Sperrys 12-10. The fifth wore on, as close as the others. Twilight was approaching; but it was one of those sultry afternoons when the sun, dropping below the horizon a blood-red ball, leaves for the night a legacy of heat—dense, humid, sticky heat.

There is one genus of man abroad in the land today, and as far as I know one alone, to whom I can explain just how Fred and Bill Senior felt. It is the foot-soldier, past or present. Let him recall the last lap of a twenty-mile hike on a hot and dusty road on the hottest day of a hot summer, with a pack and a gun whose joint weight has steadily mounted from forty to four hundred pounds. Let him recall the unutterable distress in every muscle, the longings, the despair, of those terrible marches—and he will understand.

The two fathers passed from fatigue to exhaustion. They tottered as they walked. When one of them swung his racquet, with all the strength at his command, it met the ball with hardly enough force to break an egg.

Now it is the easiest thing in the world to take exertion philosophically when it is somebody else's exertion, and the gallery, far from being sympathetic, laughed more and more heartily at the old-timers. Instead of who would win, the question was, which of the two would fall out first?

Kill time as they might, Bill Senior and Fred grew fainter and fainter. Gargle as they might with oatmeal-water, an instant later their throats were as parched as desert sand. Now and then they looked at the club-house, and when they looked they saw it as a paradise—but a paradise in mirage, far-away, unreal, unattainable. Too good to be true.

Once more Bill Junior and Sandy managed to get in a word with each other when crossing over.

"I'm beginning to feel sorry for them," said Bill Junior, "darned if I'm not."

"Not me," said Sandy. "In that third set he called me a *whelp*." And he added: "It'll be all right in a minute or two—Almost dark now."

The boys made sure that the match did not go to a decision. Darkness came down, and when the score was 8-8 the umpire stopped the play and announced that the tie would be played off the following Saturday. The fathers, each of them supported by two linesmen who jumped to their assistance, staggered to the locker room and dropped at full length on the floor. Friends threw sweaters and automobile coats over them, and they lay motionless with eyes closed.

But Bill Junior and Sandy took no repose. They proceeded to bathe and dress with extraordinary haste, after the fashion of persons whom urgent business awaits.

Olly Dashwin, George Glynn, Ned Bell and the rest of their group came into the locker room when the veterans had had time to make a partial recovery, and began to chaff them. At first Fred and Bill Senior did not catch the drift of the talk. Then a light began to dawn upon them.

Bill Senior sat up with a jerk.

"You mean—" he peered into George Glynn's face and spoke in a strained half-whisper—"you mean to say those brats put that up on us—had us killing ourselves like that—on purpose?"

"Why, of course they did—a blind man ought to 've seen it," replied George. "Don't you remember when Sandy—"

And he recalled several notable errors that both the boys had made in the last two sets.

"Why, sure, we all knew it," said Ned Bell. "We almost rolled off our chairs laughing at you two old vets tottering and staggering around the court."

Bill Senior looked at Fred, and Fred looked at Bill Senior. It was plain, too plain—they marveled at their stupidity in not having perceived it for themselves. And the wrath they had known on the court was as nothing beside that which surged up within them now. Then, their weariness forgotten, with one accord they jumped to their feet and each of them shouted for his son.

"Sandy Naylor!" shouted Fred.

"William Sperry!" shouted Bill Senior.

But Sandy and Bill Junior were not present. Along the border of the club grounds is a high hedge, and along the outside of the hedge is the path that leads to the railroad station; and at the moment when their parents called, the boys, each with a suitcase in one hand and a racquet case in the other, were coursing along this path with long strides.

"I knew that bunch behind the back-net were on to us, from the way they acted," said Sandy. "I saw Dashwin and Ned Bell snickering and nudging each other. And they'll tell, sure. You bet I'm glad I'm due over at Mount Kisco for the week-end. I won't see Dad till Monday, when he's had time to cool off."

"Mine don't cool off that quick, not by a long shot," answered Bill Junior. "But I'm in luck, too. I'm going to my Aunt Margaret's up at Dobbs Ferry for a whole four days and I guess mother will have him soothed down a bit when I get back home."

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\$127.75



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A Quaker Oats breakfast saves the average family about 35 cents, compared with meat, eggs, fish, etc. And that means over \$125 per year.

Starting the day on oats means a family better fed. The oat is the food of foods. It is rich in elements which all people need and which many people lack.

Oats yield 1810 calories of nutriment per pound. That's twice what round steak yields. Oats form almost the ideal food in balance and completeness.

Yet Quaker Oats—the cream of oats—cost but one cent per large dish. Or about as much as a bite of meat.

Breakfast for Five

5 dishes Quaker Oats.	5c
10 eggs about	40c
5 lamb chops	60c
5 servings fish	40c



11c a Day for a Boy

A boy needs about 2,000 calories of nutriment per day. Those 2,000 calories cost 11c in Quaker Oats—in eggs about \$1.20.

Foods are rated by calories—the energy measure of nutriment. With too few calories one is underfed. And calories in some foods cost ten times as much as in others.

Variety is necessary. But Quaker Oats supplies the supreme food at breakfast, and at minimum cost. Let the costly foods come later in the day.

Note how foods differ in cost when you figure their food value. Here is the cost of some necessary foods, based on prices at this writing.

Cost per 1000 Calories	
Quaker Oats	5 1/2c
Average Meats	45c
Average Fish	50c
Hen's Eggs	60c
Milk	20c
Vegetables	11c to 75c

Quaker Oats

To make the oat dish welcome

The finest flavor comes in Quaker Oats. This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory

oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Because of this flavor, oat lovers the world over send here for Quaker Oats.

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News Views Off the Beaten Path



Forgotten

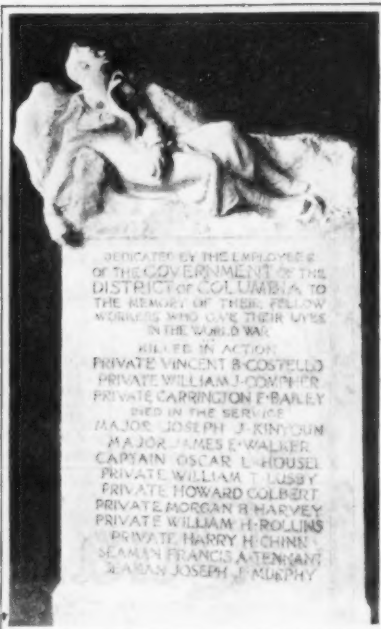
Practically marooned on the little island of Nargen, seven miles from Reval, Esthonia, these Russians might have starved but for the American Relief forces.

The Sand Bathers

Not a cooling picture in midsummer, because the sand is hot and the adjacent spring still hotter. Scene: Beppu, Japan. The matter with 'em? Rheumatism and so forth.

All Light Rooms

The home shortage is not confined to America. Here is how a Dutch officer, unable to find a house in The Hague, solved the problem. "In Dutch," but entirely comfortable.



A War Memorial

This statue, of striking power and simplicity, has been placed in the main corridor of the District Building, Washington, D. C., in honor of the patriotic District employees who lost their lives in the war.



An Illinois Hero

Floyd McGee of Aledo, Ill., was killed in action at Chateau-Thierry. His father erected this statue of him in Aledo.

\$365.75 ONE DAY

Ira Shook of Flint Did That amount of business in one day

making and selling popcorn Crispettes with this machine. **Profits \$269.00.** Mullen of East Liberty bought two outfits recently. Feb. 2, said ready for third. J. R. Bert, Ala., wrote Jan. 23, 1920: "Only thing I ever bought equalled advertisement." J. M. Pattilo, Ocala, wrote Feb. 2, 1920: "Enclosed find money order to pay all my notes. Getting along fine. Crispette business all you claim and then some." John W. Culp, So. Carolina, writes: "Everything is going lovely—business is growing by leaps and bounds. The business section of this town covers two blocks. Crispette wrappers lying everywhere. It's a good old world after all." Kellogg \$700 ahead end of second week. Mexiner, Baltimore, 250 in one day. Perrin, 380 in one day. Baker, 3,000 packages one day.



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American Accessories Company Dept. 209 Cincinnati, Ohio

Mr. Harding's Speech of Acceptance

(Concluded from page 216)

he would prefer to go back and make a new beginning in the framing of an international relationship which shall permit America to do her full duty to the world without jeopardizing the essential ideals of her past. I have read somewhere that the leaders of organized labor are displeased by Mr. Harding's statements about wages and production. The nub of his argument is contained in these words: "I wish the higher wage to abide, on one explicit condition that the wage-earner will give full return for the wage received."

How can any sane man find fault with this, or with the statement that "mounting wages and decreased production can lead only to industrial and economic ruin."

Speaking of violence under the guise of radicalism Mr. Harding puts into simple language the whole problem and takes a stand which cannot be misunderstood by friend or foe.

"Our plan of popular government contemplates such orderly changes as the crystallized intelligence of a majority of our people think best. There can be no modification of this underlying rule, but no majority shall abridge the rights of a minority. Men have a right to question our system in fullest freedom, but they must always remember that the rights of freedom impose the obligations which maintain it."

Space will not permit a discussion at this time of the candidate's expressed views upon many vital matters. It must

suffice to say that without an exception he said his say like a real man; unafraid, without flattery or trucking. His tenets of faith as to our national duty in Mexico, in dealing with the cost of living, the railroads, agriculture, law enforcement, the soldier and sailor, woman suffrage, immigration, taxation, the merchant marine, are American to the core. By that we mean they are simple, practical, fair and just.

We can understand the tone and temper of this really remarkable utterance if we ponder its closing words:

"Mr. Chairman, members of the committee, my countrymen all: I would not be my natural self if I did not utter my consciousness of my limited ability to meet your full expectations, or to realize the aspirations within my own breast, but I will gladly give all that is in me, all of heart, soul and mind and abiding love of country to service in our common cause. I can only pray to the omnipotent God that I may be as worthy in service as I know myself to be faithful in thought and purpose. One cannot give more. Mindful of the vast responsibilities I must be frankly humble, but I have that confidence in the consideration and support of all true Americans which makes me wholly unafraid. With an unalterable faith and in a hopeful spirit, with a hymn of service in my heart, I pledge fidelity to our country and to God, and accept the nomination of the Republican Party for the Presidency of the United States."

Making the Baked Potato Famous

(Concluded from page 222)

the big baked Yakima potato in the dining cars of the road. Up to the time that he brought them into prominence, the growers had fed them to swine because they had considered them too large for human consumption. He originated the title of "The Great Big Baked Potato Route" and advertised it nationally in the magazines of the country. This campaign was a decided success and resulted in a big increase in passenger travel over the Northern Pacific. Before the beginning of this campaign the State of Washington was shipping out only two hundred carloads of potatoes a season. As a result of this national publicity, the State now ships out about one thousand cars annually and promises to lead the nation in the production of potatoes in the near future.

Three years ago, Mr. Titus was offered the Presidency of the Chauncey Wright Restaurants Co., of Seattle. When he took up his new work, the company was \$132,000 in debt. By the elimination of waste, he has cleared up the indebtedness and placed the business on a paying basis. Under his leadership, the number of places has increased from four to twelve and the institution is doing a volume of restaurant business unequalled in the Pacific North-

west as a result of his progressiveness and original advertising.

Mr. Titus has in his employ an expert caterer who made a full-sized automobile out of sugar which was displayed at an automobile show in Seattle. It attracted larger crowds than any other exhibit.

Mr. Titus employs a little girl dressed in a neat uniform who goes to all parts of Seattle to feed hemp to hungry pigeons. He has been carrying on a unique billboard advertising campaign with excellent results. Some of his slogans are "Drive Slowly: Think of the Wife and Kiddies," and "Throw the Kitchen Stove Away and Dine at Chauncey Wright's." One billboard designed to advertise Seattle as well as his restaurants reads as follows:

"SEATTLE H.I.S:
84 Schools
33 Parks
31 Miles of Boulevard
12 Chauncey Wright Shops
Some City!"

The illustration shows Mr. Titus and his favorite dog at his big country estate near Seattle, where he retires each day to relax from the cares of his multitudinous business interests.

Optimists and Pessimists

IN this old world of ours of course

All sorts of folks we meet:

And some use tact, and some use force,

Some scold, and some entreat

Some shed a sympathetic tear,

While others rudely mock:

The great majority, I fear,

Just knock,

And knock,

And knock!

But there are some who realize

That Will can master Fate,

That Truth is bound to conquer lies,

And Love to conquer hate;

They know the ancient adage well,

That chicks come home to roost,

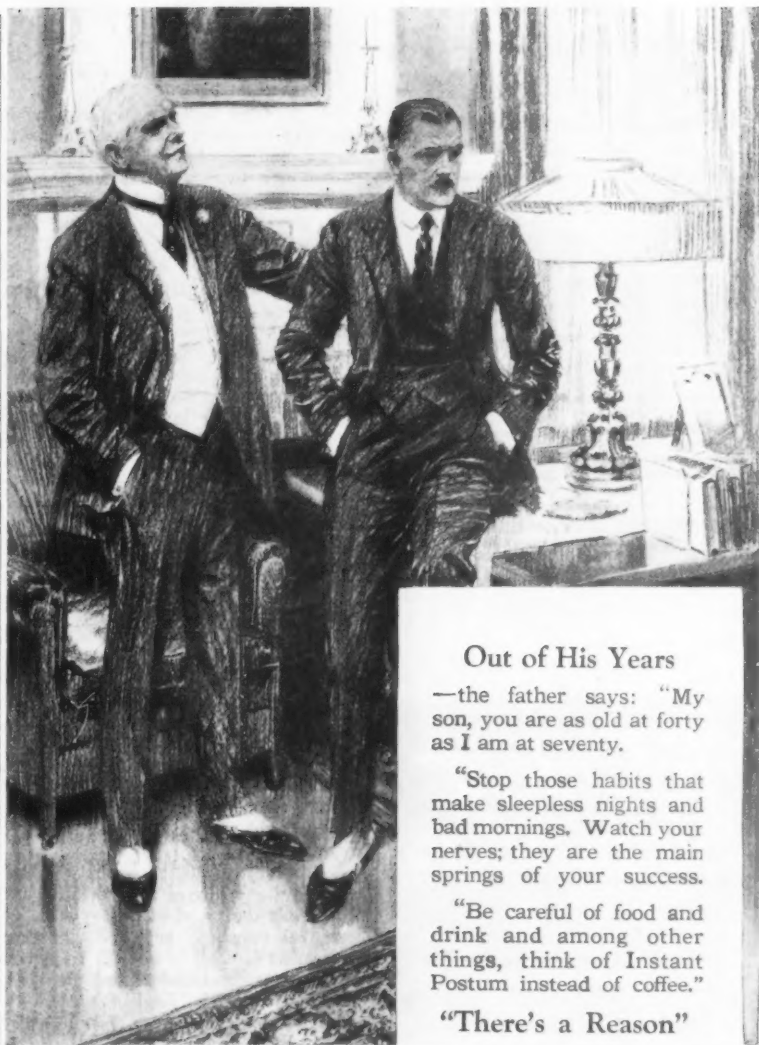
And so on pleasant thoughts they dwell,

And boost,

And boost,

And boost!

HAROLD SETON.



Out of His Years

—the father says: "My son, you are as old at forty as I am at seventy."

"Stop those habits that make sleepless nights and bad mornings. Watch your nerves; they are the main springs of your success."

"Be careful of food and drink and among other things, think of Instant Postum instead of coffee."

"There's a Reason"

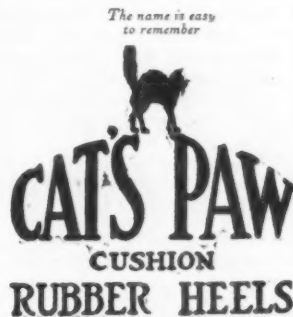
When it Rains

You'll never slip on the wet pavements if you have Cat's Paw Rubber Heels on your shoes.

They leave no unsightly marks on the polished floors.

There are no holes to track mud or dirt.

But be sure that the repairman gives you Cat's Paws, because



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And makes them wear longer than the ordinary kind.

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PISO'S
for Coughs & Colds

Business Germany of Today

(Continued from page 212)

The supreme paradox of Germany is this: In all ordinary experience when you meet a man who believes that the world owes him a living (and at every opportunity orates dramatically on the subject), you soon discover that said Mr. Man was born tired and lazy. And yet the Germans talk endlessly today in a strain as if they should be the supreme objects of the financial charity of the world. Sometimes they threaten Bolshevism; sometimes they explain that by helping them it will be a profitable investment; and sometimes they merely give vent to their inner conviction that the German ought to be helped because the world owes it to him. I have had a man stand up in his office and with flaming eyes and brandishing hands shout at me, "Why does America allow our money to depreciate? Why do you keep away your raw materials from our empty factories?" And on another occasion it was even demanded, "Why doesn't America pay our indemnity to France so that the old conditions can return?" Nevertheless, these very Germans who have become convinced that America, or anybody else willing to assume the obligation, should, ought, and perhaps will, pay off her burden—these very Germans the next moment after finishing their harangue are busily at work with a vengeance. They don't let their right mind know what their left mind is thinking.

A possible explanation is that the old autocracy took care of their thinking for them while they worked. They still believe that somebody ought to take care of them as far as any and all troublesome problems are concerned so that they can devote themselves single-mindedly to manufacturing saleable articles for a sure profit, and then spend that profit living in a comfortable home and taking their families twice a week to a beer garden.

But the old days of stolid, contented, and comfortable living will be a long time in returning; the easy days when wages, costs, and the conditions of living in general were almost as standardized as if the hand of a barometer could be screwed down to hold the weather in place. Today it has become easier to make big profits by playing the exchange, and easier to make a "pile" through one *schieber* contract than through a dozen legitimate ones. The fatal thrust at natural German thrift is that there is so much truth in the rapidly developing conviction that small, sound profit-taking in these hectic days isn't fast enough. The nose of the trade boat can't be pointed up stream and then steadily driven on its way. The shoals and the eddies are too uncertain. The boat must be able to leap forward when the going is good. Money changes its value over night.

The German hastaken for his philosophy, "Work, eat, drink, spend, and be merry—for tomorrow come taxes."

Will Russia Pay?

One reason why small profits and a steady, old-fashioned business are out of date is the heritage of the deflated paper currency, owing to the wide extension of obligations which the great banking institutions were forced to assume under government pressure during the war. The present endeavor to get out from under inspires a scheming for deals in finance which must eventually be backed up—if the accounting can be postponed—by an exploitation of actual production and real business which will make the commerce of pre-war days look like a piker's job. The ex-Crown Prince is quoted as having said, "I have always thought that Russia ought to pay for the war." The dream of many German business men is that business with Russia will pay for the war.

The European distrust of the overwhelming obligations of the big German banking institutions is such that the Dutch in their arrangement for a credit to German manufacturers have refused to have any part of the transaction go through the hands of the Berlin banks.

This lack of any relativity in prices or conditions of life greets one at every turn. Walk down a shopping street and observe. I stepped into one shop and asked the price of a camera in the window. It was 7,900 marks, and going up 33 per cent. the next week. Two or three blocks farther along the same camera was priced at 3,000 marks. I discovered that both cameras had been received from the manufacturer on the same delivery date—and both shops were selling cameras as fast as they could get them. An Englishwoman pointed out a hat to me in a window. Not so many days before that hat had been marked for sale at 300 marks. The price had been advanced to 8000 marks! And at night every restaurant table, every café, every cabaret, every dance hall, every place of amusement is crowded to the last square inch, and if there should by any chance be a youth who hesitates at paying 125 marks for a bottle of champagne, there is another to take his place before the popping cork reaches the ceiling.

Some Varying Prices

When a hat is priced at 8000 marks, consider the fact that agricultural workers are striking for 5,000 marks a year for 2,700 normal hours and 120 over-time hours of work. You can buy a very good *table d'hôte* luncheon of five courses at one of the first-class hotels, served with all the flourishes, for fifteen or twenty marks, and at a *schieber* restaurant after the theater you can pay several hundred marks for about the same thing.

For one's personal living it is just about as difficult to figure out any relativity, or to determine what is the real purchasing price of the mark, as it would be to figure out the value of currency in the heart of Central Africa where the ebony chiefs pay two pounds of salt for a wife and ten pounds for a string of glass beads. However, in the international field of export business, a working standardization can be reached on the basis of banking exchange. That is, any firm in a similar line of business can work out comparisons. Roughly the Peace Treaty says that taxation in Germany must be as heavy as in any of the Allied countries. The cost of raw materials can be figured out fairly exactly, as they will have to come from abroad; the overhead can be approximated; and to discover what wages are paid is a matter of inquiry. Translating wages from marks into dollars, for instance, one finds for skilled labor a comparison to the American wage scale in which the American workman is receiving per day from eight to even forty times the pay of a German. The cost of living is not comparable for the two, but in international money the cost goes into the article, and if there is to be competition this difference will have to find some equalization through efficiency, greater resources, etc. Of course, today America is selling to all the world, and Germany is not, and this extremely wide divergence in wages will not carry on into normal times, but it can be predicted that for five, or perhaps ten, years, while production is endeavoring to overtake consumption, the German manufacturer for export business will have a wide margin of lower wage cost to figure on.

Take such articles as leather goods, cameras, porcelain, etc., where the cost of raw materials is negligible compared with the selling price which is based on labor and overhead. I have not tried to arrive at figures except roughly, but in one line

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for instance, in dollar (not mark) cost the manufacturer is actually producing at a third of his pre-war cost, and on the basis of the rise in the world's cost of living and prices, he is quoting an export of two and a half times the pre-war selling price in dollars. In other words his export business—for which he cannot handle the orders—is giving him a profit of something like seven hundred per cent. Not bad. I was quoted a price of 5,700 marks as the export price for a certain article which I could buy at retail in Berlin for 1,600 marks, and on which the retailer was making 100 per cent. profit.

The Leipzig Fair

I flew from Berlin to Leipzig for the Spring Fair in a former military plane with a good-natured pilot who had had four years of the war, and who told me that he had been brought down twice, once by a British flyer and the other time by an American. We reached Leipzig in the mid-morning, and I went directly to the headquarters to find someone to explain the system of seeing things. On first appearance the Fair is a confusion which seems to the last degree inefficient. I still believe that the system has much inefficiency, but this is partly due to its tremendous boom. The false appearance of the general first impression is due to the fact that the fair is not run for sightseers but for business, pure and simple. There is a curtness and brevity which surprises even a "time is money" American.

I was assigned a guide, a youth who had learned English remarkably well considering that he had learned it almost entirely from self-study. He asked to be paid in dollars at the same rate which, as he put it, would be paid for high-class work in America. He asked for five hours of his time as much as he could possibly earn in Germany in a month. In our casual conversation I picked up the after-war ideas of the average educated German youth, his disillusion, his half-convinced hope in a socialistic state, his cynicism not only in regard to his own government but also towards the honesty of the world, and yet—a big "yet"—with a thoroughness of the power of application in the blood and a capacity for work.

Certain figures about the fair, boiled down into a paragraph, may be illuminating. In 1914 there were 4,200 exhibitors. In 1920 there were 11,000 exhibitors in the commercial section and 3,000 in the technical section. The volume of total sales was not available, but practically every exhibitor sold out his capacity for the coming year. (It is interesting to note that the rapid appreciation of the international value of the mark took its start in the week following the fair.) There were 14,000 registered foreign buyers, with the majority coming from neutral countries. The English bought toys. (Does the Gentle Reader remember the oft-repeated affirmation in England that a German toy would never again hang from a British Christmas tree?) America, alone, ordered 8,000,000 musical toys. Canada and South Africa bought, but Australia allows no "dumping" from Germany. France bought little because the prices were too high when figured out in francs. In ceramics, buyers came prepared to buy four times the capacity of the German factories. (The orders taken in 1919 have not all been filled.) America, England, and France all placed large orders in ceramics despite the supposed development of the ceramic business in these countries. The business in steel products, cutlery etc., was limited only by inability to fulfil orders, due largely to the extended strikes at Solingen.

It may be true, as has been emphasized to me in conversations with British and other European manufacturers and politicians, that Germany does not yet realize how the world's advance in technical and highly specialized industries during the

war period will cut into the markets which the German manufacturer once arrogated to himself with no real competition. But if the German is to a certain extent an ostrich, anyone who thinks that any markets are closed today when production lags so far behind consumption is no less an ostrich. Both camps will have their awakenings.

Difficulties of Getting Information

In the throes of defeat and disorganization it is noteworthy that very few actual commercial secrets have oozed away from German possession. Also, inquiries from certain Allied commissions have made the Germans abnormally suspicious. The information which I wished did not concern technical secrets, but in many cases it was impossible to put over the idea that I was not a detective. At one particular factory, which I very much wished to see, I was given an appointment to visit the plant by an employee of sufficient importance that no doubt entered my mind of any possible hitch. To meet this appointment meant the rearrangement of a week's schedule for me. When I reported at the factory, I was told that no foreigner was allowed to enter. When I protested that I had So-and-so's word and promise, I was given to understand that Herr So-and-so had been peremptorily discharged for having made such a promise to me in the firm's name. It seemed almost an Oriental procedure for "saving face"—that the blood of a victim would serve to appease me for my lost time.

One can have statistics furnished without end, but all with the propaganda end of serving an immediate purpose. In other countries I have found statistics which seemed to be worth while to print for American perusal. From Germany I have a collection of figures, technically correct perhaps, but of no great value and certainly misleading unless elaborately compared with other figures. I have a vision of the whirlpool in which the *entente* statisticians looking after Treaty clauses will be swimming and drowning for the next score of years.

In Conclusion

The Germans never uttered a truer propaganda declaration than to say that the economic future of Germany is intimately interwoven with carrying out of the Peace Treaty. But that postulate does not necessarily rest on the supposition that the treaty will be fulfilled as is. A certain pained expression of insulted good faith comes over the face of official Germany if one hints that it will not be Germany's fault if the treaty does not revert to a scrap of paper—despite the fact that official Germany may make the statement the next moment that the majority of the clauses are impossible of fulfillment.

It has been human nature since the beginning of things to "dodge taxes." It is treading on fearfully delicate ground to suggest that the police powers of the *Entente* will inevitably grow weaker in enforcing the treaty. The demands are intricate, and the united intelligence of Germany will not lie awake nights worrying how to fulfill these clauses—although it may lie awake nights. Germany will pay up only to the limit which ingenuity is unable to avoid, and I venture to predict that in ten years from today the book-keeping pages will show startling contrasts to the original demands of the treaty clauses. Also, in the era towards which the world is apparently heading the power of production of a nation will more than ever be its real wealth, and if Germany does produce to pay off either the minimum or the maximum reparations and indemnity, at the end of twenty years Germany will be in possession of the machine which will have created that wealth, and will have the training which comes from creating.



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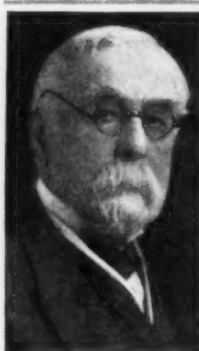
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Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Omaha (Nebr.) National Bank, which has deposits aggregating \$30,000,000 and is one of the leading financial institutions of the State. Mr. Millard is a financier of ability and experience, and is in excellent standing.



WALBERT

John H. Holcombe
President of the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., founded in 1851, and which has issued policies carrying insurance exceeding \$250,000,000. Mr. Holcombe received the degree of LL.D. at the June commencement of Trinity College.



EDITH & COLONIAL TRUST

E. R. Wood
Of Toronto, Ont., one of the leading financiers of Canada. He is president of the Canada Loan & Savings Company, and of the Dominion Securities Corporation, and he is an officer in many other companies. Mr. Wood began business life as a telegraph operator.

NOTICE.—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, are placed on what is known as "Jasper's Preferred List," entitling them to the early delivery of their weekly and to answers to inquiries on financial questions and, in emergencies, to answers by telegraph. Preferred subscribers must remit \$7 directly to the office of LESLIE'S in New York, and not through any subscription agency. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be enclosed. All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York. Full name and exact street address, or number of postoffice box, should always be given. Anonymous communications will not be answered. The privileges of this department are not extended to members of clubs who are not individual subscribers.

THE authorization by the Interstate Commerce Commission of an increase of 25 to 40 per cent. in railroad freight rates and 20 per cent. in passenger rates was a notable event which should have far-reaching consequences for good. It will rescue a colossal industry from a disastrous plight and put new life into it and numerous tributary lines of business. This should act as a powerful stabilizer of general prosperity, tending to prevent threatened drastic declines, and adding much to material progress. It is to be hoped that the various States will not oppose making intrastate rates correspond with those allowed by the Interstate Commerce Commission. But for the Commission's favorable decision, the recent advance in railroad workers' wages aggregating at least \$600,000,000 and likely to reach nearer \$1,000,000,000 when certain inequalities are smoothed out, would have been ruinous to most of the roads. The transportation lines are granted a total of about \$1,500,000,000, which more than covers wage enhancement. But payment of higher wages is not the only necessity the railroads have to provide for. They all need additional equipment, enlarged facilities and reestablishment of credit.

The Commission's action has significant implications. It means, for one thing, that the American people have ratified the idea that capital is entitled to a just return, even if invested in railroads. This is a square reversal of the sentiment formerly prevalent that the railroads could be subjected to any kind of repressive or depleting treatment in defiance of plain economic laws. No other kind of business was expected to maintain fixed prices for service or products regardless of what it cost to serve or produce. The principle of the right of fair interest on railroad investments having at last been declared governmentally there should henceforth be a rapid development of railroad properties. The expansion of the systems, checked for many years, should be resumed with new energy, and from now on every year should see the carriers becoming more adequate to the demands of the nation's increasing business.

Another inference from the granting of the increased rates is that the authorities at Washington (legislative and executive) are convinced that the wisest disposition of the railroads is to leave them in private control. During the World War the Government took over the railroads and was obliged to charge more for their service than it permitted their owners to do. Yet that did not meet the expense of operating under political miscontrol. The Federal treasury has had to pay vast sums to cover deficits in earnings. Even with the latest authorized additions to charges, it is doubtful if the lines would have balanced budgets were the Government to continue to run them. It is shrewdly suspected that one of Mr. McAdoo's reasons for resigning as Secretary of the Treasury and Railroad Administrator was the financial muddle Government control was bringing about. Doubtless this administration, whose fingers have been well burned with railroad management, is pleased to be rid of the whole troublesome matter. Its experience should be influential with all succeeding administrations. There is required now only demonstration of high efficiency by the transportation officials to bury all Government ownership plans effectually and forever. And this demonstration the country is sure to have.

Moreover, the Commission would not have been so liberal to the roads had it felt that it was inflicting a grievous burden on the people. For political reasons it would not have dared to do that. The expense of the award will be so widely distributed among shippers and consumers that it will cause comparatively little hardship in most instances and in the end it will react advantageously to all. President Willard of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad predicts that through the enlargement and greater efficiency which the transportation business will derive from the Commission's award, the high cost of living will be considerably reduced. However that may be, the railroads could not prosper without the award, and when they do prosper because of it the whole land will reap the benefit.

As a settler of vexed questions the Com-



To Investors

YOU can profit by the service of our Investment Department. A broad experience fruitful of valuable knowledge of investment and financial affairs in the Pacific Northwest has been acquired through years of intimate association with this region.

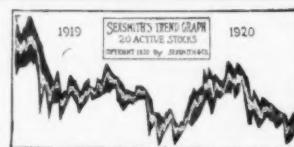
We handle the best type of Northwestern Municipals having all the desirability and security of Eastern issues.

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Bond Department

The Seattle National Bank

Resources more than \$30,000,000
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Investment Securities
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OKLAHOMA FARM MORTGAGES

6% NET

The value of Oklahoma's five leading crops in 1919 was \$308,070,000.00 greater than in 1918. Land values are increasing in proportion to production. Borrowed money is being used by Oklahoma farmers for further development and to increase their holdings. We have on hand a choice selection of 6% NET first mortgage securities. Write for our descriptive Circular "L."

GODFREY-BREWER INVESTMENT CO. OKLAHOMA CITY

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Leslie's

225 Fifth Avenue New York City

mission's action deserves the approval of the entire business world. It removes a few uncertainties from the situation, it creates confidence in financial circles; it excites the hope that all our other difficult problems still to be solved will be handled successfully. It does not assure an immediate boom in railroad issues, for much remains to be done to strengthen the roads' position, but it paves the way to a better state of affairs. Were this an ordinary year, with no presidential campaign on hand and no widespread commercial and industrial readjustments pending, the award would probably have big market results. There has been some discounting of the award, whether sufficient or not only the future can decide. But apart from all that, first-class railroad securities are now more desirable than before, and some day they ought to respond vigorously to the greatly improved conditions. It is hardly necessary to say that the influence of the constructive action here considered should extend beyond railroad issues to the other portions of the list.

W., SCHENECTADY, N. Y.: A very good investment for your \$1,000 would be Pennsylvania R. R. 10-year 7 per cent. bonds. The stock of the General Electric Co. would also be an excellent purchase.

Q., DUNKIRK, N. Y.: The New York & St. Louis R. R. Co.'s earnings have been very encouraging. Its new issue of second and improvement mortgage 6's, due 1931, are well secured, are free of Pennsylvania State tax, and the company agrees to pay Federal income tax up to 2%. The interest charges are being earned 2½ times. Quoted to net 8.55%.

B., PITTSBURGH, PA.: Burlington joint 4's, due July 1, 1921, will undoubtedly be taken care of. It is hardly advisable merely on account of the near maturity of this issue to sell Great Northern pfd., and Northern Pacific at a serious loss. The roads are likely to benefit from the advance in rates and their stocks should in time recover a part, at least, of their decline.

K., TOLEDO, O.: Owing to the high standing of the company, the Armour & Co. 7% ten-year convertible gold notes, aggregating \$60,000,000, were quickly absorbed when offered recently to the public at a price yielding about 7¾%. Interest is payable without deduction for normal Federal income tax up to 2%. The company's earnings are several times interest charges.

K., SYRACUSE, N. Y.: The S. S. White Dental Mfg. Co. is the largest dental manufacturing company in the world. Its ten-year 8% gold notes offer a very attractive investment. For three years ending with 1919 net income was nearly 5¼ times annual interest on these notes. The notes are a direct obligation of the company and its only funded debt. Offered at par.

K., WASHINGTON, D. C.: Canadian Government 5's, and International Mercantile Marine 6's, due Oct. 1, 1941, are among well-regarded and safe investments. General Motor deb. 6's are a good business man's purchase. There are good prospects of clearing up the arrears on International Mercantile Marine preferred. The arrears have been reduced to 42 per cent. This year thus far 5 per cent. of the back dividends has been paid.

M., TRENTON, N. J.: The first mortgage and collateral trust 30-year 6% gold bonds of the Duquesne Light Co., which serves a population of over 1,000,000 in the Pittsburgh district, are among desirable public utility issues. The company has prospered, paying 7% on preferred stock and 8% on common. Net earnings are over twice the fixed charges. The bonds are quoted at a price to yield about 7¾%.

M., UPPER MERCHUNK, PA.: The best stocks in your list are Westinghouse, Railway Steel Spring, Pressed Steel Car, and Southern Pacific. Great Northern pfd., and Northern Pacific are reasonably good. Both these roads have only one class of stock. Colorado Fuel & Iron is an attractive business man's purchase at present figures. Middle States Oil, though it has been paying dividends and though the company has been expanding, is still in the speculative rather than in the investment class.

A., CHICAGO, ILL.: Your investment of \$8,000 was divided among stocks of merit. You would do well to place \$4,000 of the \$12,000 still in hand in Liberty Bonds. It would be prudent to distribute the residue of \$8,000 among American Tel. & Tel., Union Pacific, Swift, U. S. Steel common, International Mercantile Marine pfd., International Harvester com., Cluett, Peabody, and Chicago Mill & Lumber, pfd. All are good business men's investments.

C., LOUISVILLE, KY.: Both Rock Island common and Southern R. R. common should profit by increase of rates, but what advance that will cause in the shares cannot be foretold. Either should be at least as desirable as Chile Copper, which is not paying dividends and is not likely to for some time. The most desirable railroad stocks are those paying dividends and which have been doing so for years, such as Union Pacific, N. Y. Central, Norfolk & Western, Atchison, Louisville and Nashville, and Southern Pacific.

W., NAPA, CALIF.: You can get a good diversity of sterling securities for your \$15,000 in the following issues: American Woolen pfd., National Lead, pfd., American Smelting & Refining pfd., American Sugar Refining pfd., Westinghouse E. & M. pfd., National Biscuit pfd., Virginia-Carolina Chemical

pfd. All these preferred stocks are cumulative and have been paying dividends for twenty years or more. Bonds that are desirable include International Mercantile Marine 6's, Liberty Bonds, Southern Pacific conv. 5's, West Shore 4's, Atchison gen 4's, U. S. Rubber 1st & ref. 5's.

S., CAMDEN, N. J.: It looks perfectly prudent to diversify your list of securities by investing \$2500 in the S. S. Kresge Co.'s 7% serial gold notes, due 1922 to 1926. These notes are direct obligations of the company, which operates one of the largest chain store systems in the United States. Net profits for 1919 were 16½ times the interest on these notes. Interest is payable without deduction for Federal income tax not to exceed 2%. The notes may be bought with or without warrants entitling the holders to purchase stock on favorable terms. Price with warrants attached to yield 7%, without warrants to yield about 8%.

New York, August 14, 1920.

JASPER.

Free Booklets for Investors

No one reads the "Bache Review" without deriving benefit from its condensed information and its sound suggestions. It is an authoritative publication. Copies free on application to J. S. Bache & Co., members New York Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York.

The well-known investment house of Hollister, White & Co. 92 Cedar Street, New York, has prepared a helpful booklet entitled "Sound and Conservative Investments Which We Recommend," and also issues a valuable Monthly Review. Both of these may be obtained by writing to the company for them.

You may live where you please and still have a big and responsible bank virtually at your very door. The Citizens Savings & Trust Co. of Cleveland, Ohio, accepts deposits by mail and pays 4% interest. This would be a wonderful convenience for hosts of persons. Booklet L, explaining the system, may be had on application to the company.

With double security behind them and making a return of 7%, the Miller first mortgage bonds are steadily advancing in popular favor. The record shows that no investor has ever lost a dollar by purchasing these bonds. Particulars concerning them are presented in an interesting explanatory booklet, "Creating Good Investments," for which apply to G. L. Miller & Co., Inc., 1023 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga.

Municipal bonds have participated in the general decline of securities and are now to be had at inviting prices. They are among the safest of investments. Securities of this class, yielding 6%, and exempt from Federal income taxation are being offered by the responsible Mercantile Trust Company of St. Louis, Mo., a member of the Federal Reserve System. The company will mail to any address its list LB 95, describing attractive issues which it now has on hand.

The bonds safeguarded under the Straus plan meet the demands of investors who want safety, a liberal return, peace of mind, and the payment of Federal Income tax up to 4%. These bonds net 6%, are secured by valuable real estate and are highly regarded by conservative people. An interesting publication, "Safety and 6%," describing a diversified selection of these issues, may be had by writing for booklet H-1003 to S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, or Straus Building, Chicago.

The small investor may considerably extend the amount of his purchases of high-grade securities by using the partial payment plan. This requires an initial outlay of 20%, the balance being payable in monthly installments. Under this system many persons of limited means have started on the path of prosperity. A complete account of the method is contained in a market letter and booklet, "Thrift, Savings and Investment," which will be sent on application to Charles H. Clarkson & Co., Department LW-8, 66 Broadway, New York.

There is every indication that Seattle is to become one of the greatest cities in the United States. It is a world port and the center of fishing, lumbering and agricultural industries. It has had a remarkable development and is still rapidly moving ahead. First mortgage bonds netting 6 to 6½% based on Seattle real estate are generally regarded as a safe proposition. Bonds of this sort are being distributed by William P. Harper & Son, Hoge Building, Seattle, Wash., who will send to any investor their readable booklet, "The Safest Form of Mortgage Investment."

Among the most attractive investments are the Cities Service Co. 7% series C debentures. The stocks junior to these obligations have a market value of five times the amount of the debentures. Interest requirements are being earned eleven times over and the debentures are convertible into common and preferred stocks on very favorable terms. The debentures may be had at a price to yield 7.45%, plus common stock dividend accumulations. A fully informing circular on the subject will be sent on request by Henry L. Doherty & Co., Bond Department, 60 Wall Street, New York.

Investors who would be sure of interest and dividends should buy their securities of financial houses of responsibility and high standing. The National City Company, National City Building, New York, deals in bonds, preferred stocks and acceptances and is in the forefront of financial institutions of its kind. It has a nation-wide organization with 50 offices and its investigation and research department employs experts of the highest ability and widest experience. The company offers investment opportunities to persons of all degrees of prosperity. Its current purchase sheet specifies particularly fine offerings and it will be supplied to any interested investor who asks for L138. The company also issues a book, "Men and Bonds," giving a full description of its business and its facilities for serving the investing public. To get this ask for L139.

Shave This Easier Way

Soften your beard before lathering

You will find your favorite lather doubly effective if you use Shavaid first. For Shavaid instantly prepares your beard for a really comfortable shave.

Hot towels and rubbing in of lather are unnecessary. More than that, they are injurious. For hot water brings the blood to the face at the wrong time. Rubbing makes the skin tender.

Shavaid does away with all that. It thoroughly softens your beard, yet leaves your skin normal. The razor cuts smoothly, easily. And even after a close shave, there is no smarting. Your face feels cool and comfortable.

Simply squeeze a small quantity of Shavaid out of the

B&B

sanitary collapsible tube and spread it over your dry beard with the tips of your fingers. Then apply your favorite lather with your brush, as usual. But do not rub the lather in.

The lather stays moist and creamy on your face. There is a cooling, soothing effect. And the razor cuts with surprising smoothness.

Shavaid is in itself a soothing, healing emollient, so that you need no lotion. Its daily use will keep your skin clear and firm in tone.

Shavaid

In 50-cent Tubes—Buy from Your Druggist
BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products



"I WANT A DRINK"

There are a lot of folks in these United States who will sympathize with this cunning youngster's desire for a drink.

This dimpled infant reminding Mamma that it's bottle time expresses an emotion not uncommon these days.

It would be hard to resist the appeal of this picture, one of the many noted covers that have appeared on JUDGE, "The Happy Medium."

Reproduced in full colors, mounted on a double mat, all ready for framing, this appealing picture is yours for 25 cents, postage prepaid.

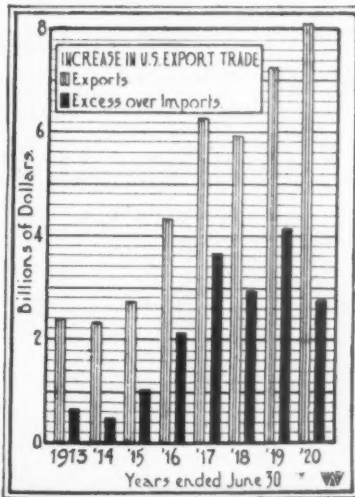
JUDGE ART PRINT DEPARTMENT

225 Fifth Avenue

New York City

The Huge Volume of Our Exports

SINCE the pre-war period there has been a stupendous increase in exports from the United States. During that interval imports have cut a comparatively small figure. Very little could be sent to our shores by any of the nations which were at war, while this country kept on exporting even after it had actively entered the struggle. Hence the balance of trade in our favor the last few years has been enormous. Foreign products are now coming in more freely from the war-stricken



countries as well as from the neutral ones, likely to show a larger increase than they did in the year ending June 30th last. Unless our exports expand correspondingly, the balance of trade will become less in our favor, and then we may expect to see the protective tariff made a live issue once more. The accompanying graph indicates clearly the immense amount of our exports and the excess of our exports over imports for each of the past six fiscal years.

In "the good old days"— when meat was "cheap"

Years ago people were buying steaks and chops "cheap" and other meats in proportion.

It is true that meat prices are higher today—and so is the price of live stock.

But—

If present-day methods had been in use fifty years ago, meat would have cost our fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts even less than it did!

Many parts of the animal were actually thrown away; the business was done in small unsanitary plants.

As a matter of fact, meat was *not* cheap in the early days as compared with the price of live stock. See what U. S. Census figures show:

In 1870 it took nearly 19 per cent of the value of meat products to cover the packer's expenses and profits for turning animals into meat; the latest Census shows that with modern methods it took less than 13 per cent of the value of meat products to perform this same service.

This smaller relative "spread" between live stock and meat prices is due to development of large scale operations and elimination of waste. It means that meats are cheaper today than they used to be, compared with the cost of raising live stock.

Out of all receipts from the sale of animal products last year, Swift & Company paid out over 85 per cent for the live animals. The other 15 per cent covered all plant, shipping, and selling expenses—and also the profit, which averaged only a fraction of a cent per pound on all products sold.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 35,000 shareholders



The Melting-Pot

Long Beach, L. I., has made a bid for fame—and visitors—by refusing to censor one-piece bathing suits.

When the Reds charge the Poles with acts of barbarity they excite a vast wave of the reverse of sympathy.

Salt Lake City's mayor lately resigned just because it was alleged he had profited in office by misappropriating \$10,000.

A once rich Russian general is working as a repair man in a New York garage, a business which is at least an improvement on his former bloody trade.

When a New York theater was robbed recently of \$28,000, some people, who object to high prices for seats, meanly remarked: "The bitter bit."

How laxly they enforce the prohibition law in Wall Street is shown by the confession of a financial paper there that the other day time money was tight.

Lloyd George declares a bleeding world needs America's help. But if America should give Europe all the help the latter expected she would have little blood left for herself.

Queen Mary of England is reported to have purchased a whole wardrobe, through a dress agency, "at prices not in excess of those an American stenographer is accustomed to pay." But as the average cost of the garments was only \$30, the item is clearly a libel on both the stenographer and the profiteering clothing maker.

Let the people think and smile!

Odd Facts in the World of Science

(Concluded from page 229)

do so. Also, it is not possible for the ordinary man to "imagine" or "picture" a fourth-dimension clearly in the mind's eye—and for that reason, many people have ridiculed the idea. In itself, however, this should be no bar to its acceptance. We cannot "picture" gravitation—but it exists, none the less. Also it has been shown, by analogy, that beings with a "two-dimensional consciousness" could not "conceive" of three dimensions; yet we can, and know that three dimensions exist. Therefore, it is possible that our inability to picture a fourth dimension is no more its disproof than a third dimension was disproved by the inability of a two-dimensional being to "conceive" of our space. But how does all this bear upon Professor Einstein's theory of Relativity, and of his conception of "time" as fourth-dimensional? Upon this view, time is not held to be "dimensioned" in the ordinary and accepted view; on Einstein's theory, it is somehow connected with the other three in space: length, breadth, height and time play the rôle of four "variables,"

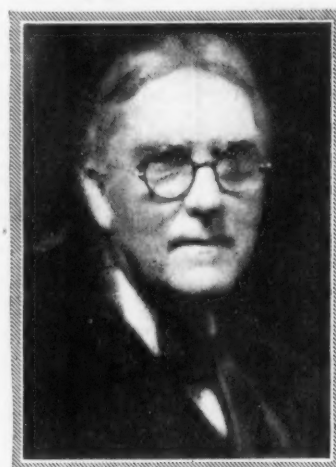
each having to do with one dimension of a four-dimensional continuum. They are all related one to another; they all interlock, they are all factors in the actions and reactions of our universe. According to this view, then, the four components of our time-space are "up-and-down," "left-and-right," "backward-and-forwards," and "sooner-and-later." At any given "point" in space, at any given moment, therefore, we have this combination of time-space; and this combination Professor Einstein has called a "world line" which is cut across at that point; the history of our universe is the history of the intersections of its "world-lines." Well might it be said of Einstein's Theory—as Professor Plunck did indeed say—"It surpasses in boldness everything previously suggested in speculative natural philosophy, and even in the philosophical theories of knowledge. The revolution introduced into the physical conceptions of the world is only to be compared in extent and depth with that brought about by the introduction of the Copernican system of the Universe."

Surprises in Omaha

(Concluded from page 225)

ulating. Since then he has appealed his judgment, for confirmation or for reversal, to a man whose acquaintance in these United States is as large as that of any citizen that the writer has ever met outside of political life. This man is Dr. Frank Crane, the essayist. Dr. Crane used to live in Omaha, and this is what he testifies for LESLIE's of his experience there:

"I have had the good fortune to live up through all the strata of American society. I have worked among the farm hands in Illinois. I have taught school in the backwoods, traveled a circuit of small towns as a Methodist preacher, lived in every kind of city there is, from the merest village to roaring



"And the Americans of the cleanest average, the warmest-hearted, coolest-headed and altogether the kind best deserving the brand 'U. S. A.' I ever met are the people of Omaha." So testifies Dr. Frank Crane, the essayist, who "lived there about three years."

(The next article in Mr. Cushing's series, "Mixing With Americans" will be on St. Louis.)

New York, and from Los Angeles, California, to Worcester, Massachusetts, and had all sorts of neighbors, including farmers, brakemen, day-laborers, shopkeepers, millionaires, social idlers, Bohemians, wise and otherwise, drunk and sober, and hence puff myself up with the idea that I am rather an authority on 'folks.' And the Americans of the cleanest average, the warmest-hearted, coolest-headed and altogether the kind best deserving the brand 'U. S. A.' I ever met are the people of Omaha. I lived there about three years."

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Genghis Khan and
Queen Khatun
Specially drawn
by J. E. Allen

500 WIVES

—besides a numerous retinue of females of the sort often mentioned in Holy Writ and once found in the menage of every Oriental despot—failed to subdue the fiery spirit of Genghis Khan.

At an age when most men would be resting on their laurels, Genghis was out looking for more trouble—and trouble a plenty he found—and made—up to the day of his death, at the age of 65.

It makes fascinating reading—the story of this son of a petty Mongolian Chief, born in a tent on the shore of the Hoang-ho, who became *one of the greatest conquerors the world has ever seen*, and who left an empire vastly greater in extent than that of Rome when she was mistress of the world.

It's a story the like of which you never read before, telling of the manners, customs, and modes of life, of the sports and pastimes of strange Oriental peoples—of Gargantuan feasts and barbaric revels—of the countless hordes of nomads who, combining under the leadership of Genghis Khan, scaled the Great Wall and conquered Northern China, swept across the Mongolian steppes even to the banks of the Dnieper in Russia, overran Asiatic Turkey and penetrated beyond the confines of India.

This sanguinary and ruthless barbarian, even as William Hohenzollern, claimed to be an object of the special favor of God, but Genghis, being a man of rare personal courage and possessing many statesmanlike qualities, managed to get away with it, and wonderful to relate— But read this strange story yourself, one of many stories out of *real life* that are just as interesting, written by the famous historian, Abbott, and found in

Famous Men and Women of History

Remarkable Characters All

Stranger Than Fiction

No other set of books ever written shows so convincingly that Fiction ever lags after Truth, that the wildest imaginings of the romancer after all fall far short of the *real facts* of History. The Romantic facts that the authors have brought out in strong relief in this series, giving the lives of the world's most famous characters, demonstrate how unfruitful is invention, and how cold and barren is imagination, in contrast with what life itself can show in those ever changing circumstances that make of every fully lived life a romance. The heights and depths, the lights and shadows, in the lives of historical characters, who, instead of being creatures of circumstances, have moulded circumstances to their will, are full of valuable lessons, aside from affording that variety of interest which is ever the mother of enjoyment.

JULIUS CAESAR

Ruler, statesman, warrior, jurist, writer, orator, wit—most versatile of men; no career is so worthy of careful study or will be found of more intense and fascinating interest.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

The woman who made England "Mistress of the Seas" and in so doing saved the world from a Prussian military autocracy.

ALFRED THE GREAT

One of the noblest names in all history, whose figure looms through the mist of ten centuries at the very beginning of the world-encircling history of the Anglo-Saxon race.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

Second only to Caesar as a colossal genius; one of the world's prodigies.

CLEOPATRA

A royal Vampire; cursed with a beauty that was the undoing of herself and all with whom she came in contact.

PETER THE GREAT

Greatest of the Czars; the type of man most needed in Russia to-day.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

A romantic figure whose *affaires d'amour* kept her subjects and half the courts of Europe in hot water.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

Founder of the British Empire; the man who made a dream come true.

NERO

A royal degenerate; a startling illustration of the influence of heredity on character.

MARIE ANTOINETTE

Beautiful victim of the French Revolution; one of the most charming and misunderstood figures in history.

JOSEPHINE

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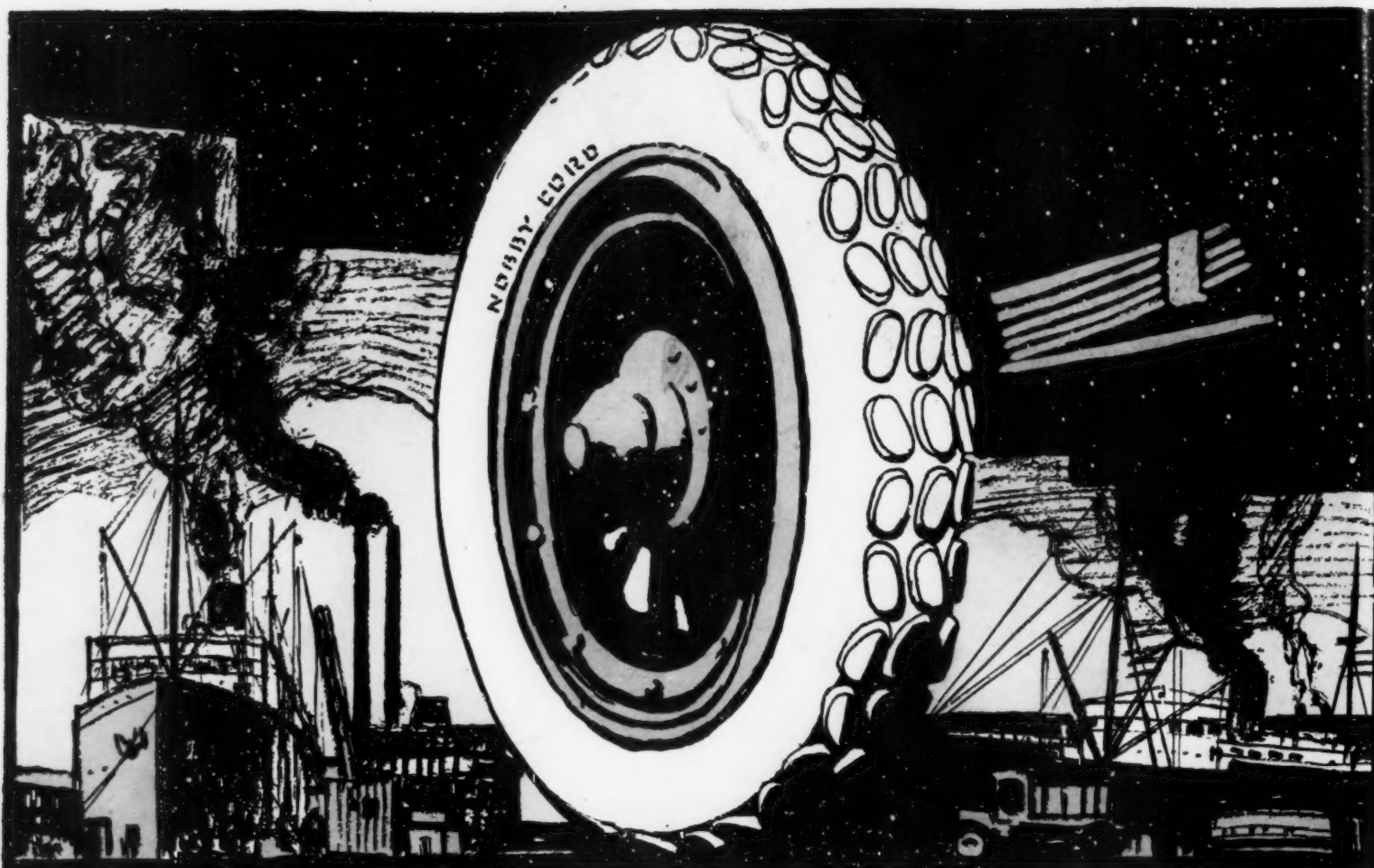
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